

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA



SASKATCHEWAN



ALBERTA



MANITOBA



BRITISH COLUMBIA



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



NEW BRUNSWICK



QUEBEC



ONTARIO



NOVA SCOTIA



NEWFOUNDLAND



CANADA



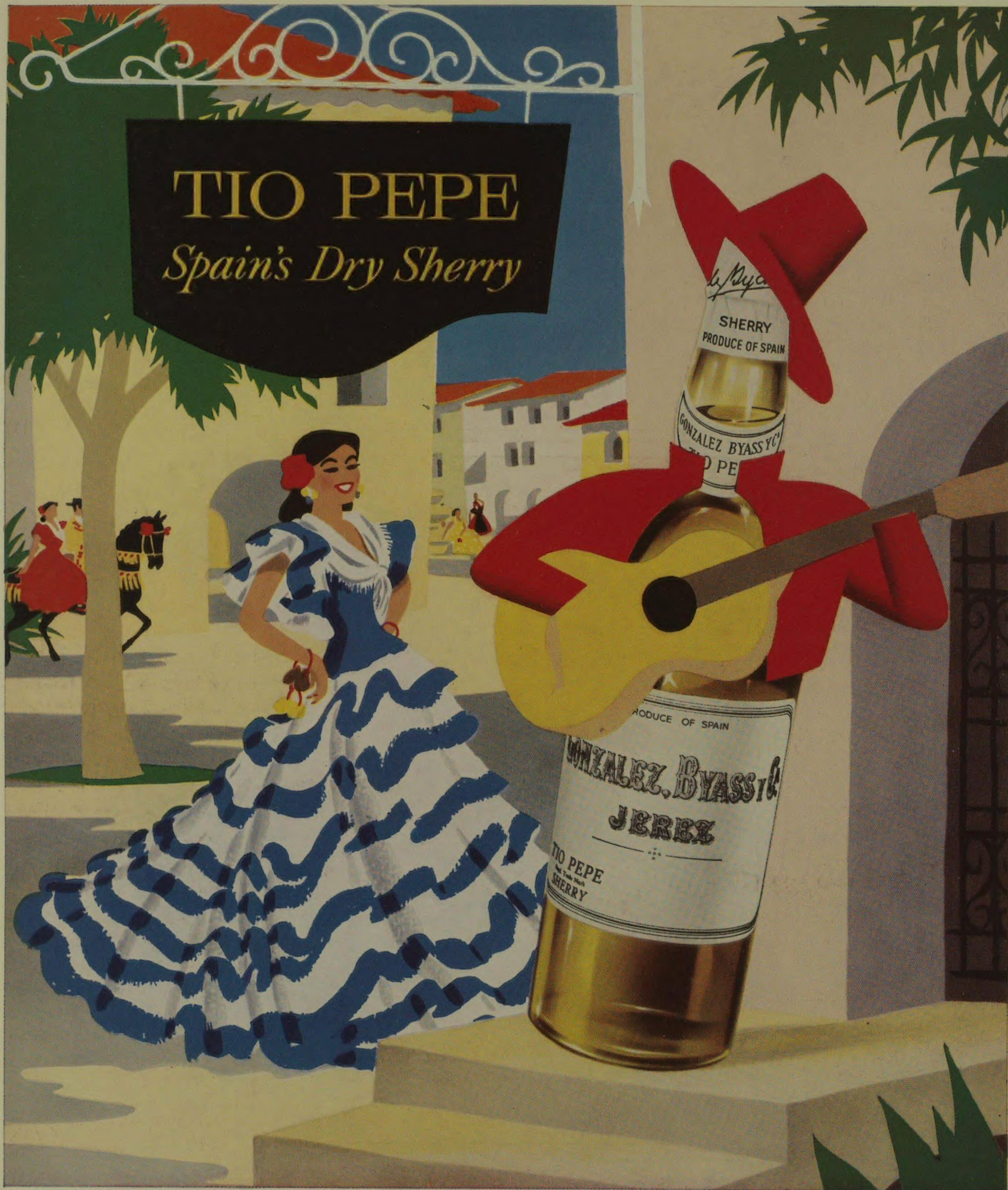
YUKON TERRITORY



NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

NEAVE  
FARMER





# GONZALEZ BYASS

SHERRIES OF DISTINCTION



CREMA

Tio Pepe is an old favourite but have you tried **ROSA** Amontillado the family sherry or **CREMA** a superb cream sherry



ROSA

... and then there is the popular **NECTAR** the new taste in sherry ... Spain's Dry Oloroso ...



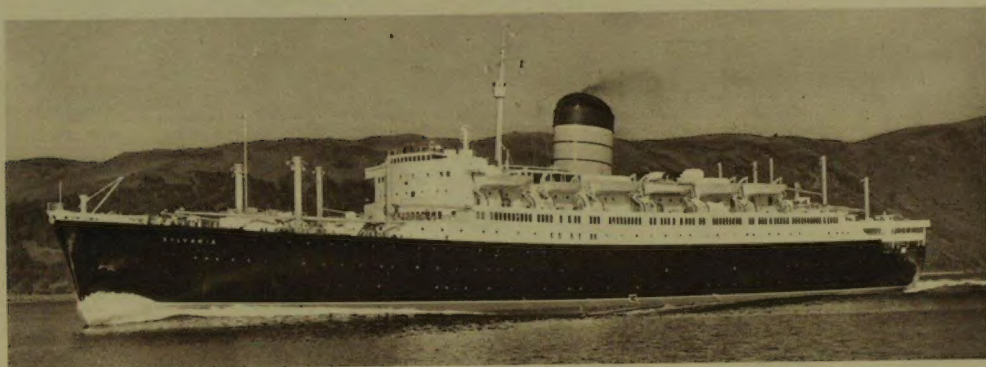
NECTAR



# *a Great Enterprise... and a Royal Occasion*



H.M.Y. "BRITANNIA."



R.M.S. "SYLVANIA."



H.M.S. "TIGER."

**John Brown and Co. (CLYDEBANK) Ltd.**

SHIPBUILDING AND ENGINEERING WORKS • CLYDEBANK • SCOTLAND

"CLYDEBANK BUILT" — the hallmark of Shipbuilding efficiency. The art of the designer and the skill of the craftsman have given to the John Brown Shipyard at Clydebank a reputation and respect unsurpassed in the maritime world.

MANY FINE SHIPS, known and respected over the seven seas, have been cradled in the famous John Brown Shipyard — ships of peace and war, many of whose names have been indelibly written in the maritime history of the world.





## THE WORLD IS CRYING OUT FOR MORE **POWER**



The Robert H. Saunders—St. Lawrence Generating Station of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario contains sixteen English Electric water turbines. The English Electric Group supplied all the equipment for the main control room. Two 115,000 kVA auto-transformers and six 46 kV 1,000 MVA oil circuit breakers are installed in the transformer station on the Canadian side. English Electric also built two 120,000 kVA auto-transformers for the American side.

# THE 1,200,000 HORSE-POWER PURR

... from the  
**St. Lawrence**  
it carries  
**to Britain**

For centuries the International Rapids of the St. Lawrence River roared—and their tremendous energies went to waste. Today, from the rapids comes a purr—the purr of thirty-two turbines sitting astride the International Line, sixteen in Canada, sixteen in America, generating power for the two great partners in the St. Lawrence Power Project.

For this historic project, the English Electric Group supplied all sixteen of the turbines on the Canadian side. Valued at over \$7,500,000, their combined might is 1,200,000 h.p. The English Electric Group also supplied the power station's control-room equipment; the transformers and



The fixed blade propeller runner for one of the sixteen English Electric 75,000 h.p. water turbines before installation.

switchgear for the transformer station; and transformers for the American side. The turbines were ordered from English Electric Canada—a division of John Inglis, English Electric's Canadian associates—and built by John Inglis, to the design of English Electric in Britain.

So, at last, the St. Lawrence is at work for North America in a big way, helping to

create more power for greater prosperity.

Schemes like the St. Lawrence Power Project are of great benefit to Britain, too—in three ways.

FIRST, through these schemes English Electric makes a substantial contribution to our national trading balance, thus enabling Britain to buy more freely in dollar or foreign currency markets.

SECOND, the experience English Electric gains can then be applied to similar schemes elsewhere. Indeed, English Electric's world-wide experience works for everybody.

THIRD, the ability of any country to buy abroad is linked with its productivity and prosperity; and, as a huge new supply of power such as this scheme is releasing increases the prosperity of a country, so it generally increases that country's ability to buy abroad—including goods from Britain.

Producing equipment to generate power from water is only one aspect of English Electric's world-wide activities. The Company also makes equipment to generate power from coal, from gas and oil, and

from the atom. English Electric is also busy providing more efficient transformers and switchgear to distribute this power... and better locomotives, electric motors and domestic appliances to use it.

The key to a richer life is to put more power into the hands of more people—and that is the business of English Electric now.



Installation work on the sixteen 75,000 h.p. English Electric fixed blade propeller water turbines.

POWER IS THE BUSINESS OF

**‘ENGLISH ELECTRIC’**

... BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CO. LTD., MARCONI HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON W.C.2





blended  
for the  
gourmet

Only if the wine is blended to perfection is it good enough to pass. The sherry taster accepts nothing short of supreme excellence . . . and nor does the man who drives the new Zephyr! He is stimulated — by the new-for-'59 blend of lower, sleeker, even-more-elegant styling, and all-new interior, richly furnished and spaciouly satisfying. He enjoys smooth power, silent riding, superb all-round vision. He applies the *value-test*: so much *more* fine car for his money! Here is a connoisseur's car, at a very practical price! See this most gracious New Grace at your Ford Dealer's now. Price £610 plus £255.5.10 P.T. = £865.5.10

Zephyr from



AND UNIQUE WORLD-WIDE FORD SERVICE, TOO!



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • DAGENHAM—BRITAIN'S BIGGEST EXPORTERS OF CARS, TRUCKS AND TRACTORS





*Nicholas Holman submitting a 40-foot, high-pressure boiler to Richard Trevithick for inspection, 1815 (from an original oil painting in the possession of Holman Bros.)*

## The man who left nothing to chance

Richard Trevithick, engineer, and designer of the first steam-locomotive ever built, demanded the highest standard of precision in all work done for him. And, as a pioneer of the high-pressure steam engine, he insisted on absolute reliability.

In Nicholas Holman, founder of the now world-wide Holman Group of Companies, he found a man whose work he could trust. As a result, the Holman works near Camborne, Cornwall, made for Trevithick a great many of the boilers and other mining equipment supplied by him to the tin mines of the West Country.

The old 'stanneries' (tin mines) died out, but the Holman reputation lived on and grew. In 1881, nearly a century after the foundation of the firm, Holman introduced one of the first successful pneu-

matic rock drills, thus helping to make mining very much cheaper and speedier. And all over the world, wherever Holman equipment was used, engineers in every field discovered what Trevithick had found more than a century before—Holman equipment was thoroughly reliable.

The Holman Group of Companies now comprises Holman Brothers Limited, Climax Rock Drill and Engineering Limited, Maxam Power Limited, Goodyear Pumps Limited, and the Dustuctor Company Limited; the Holman organisation now has either a subsidiary company, branch, technical representative or agent in every major centre throughout the world. There are few important projects to which Holman equipment is not contributing its share.

# Holman

*pneumatic equipment pays . . . with its life*

HOLMAN BROS. LIMITED, CAMBORNE, ENGLAND. Telephone: Camborne 2275  
LONDON OFFICE: 44 BROOK STREET, W.1. Telephone: HYDe Park 9444

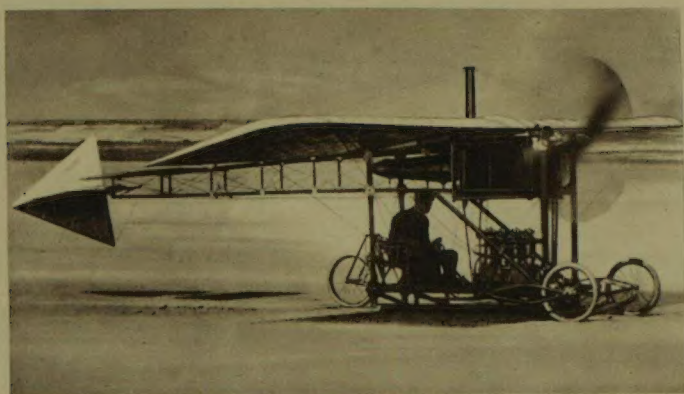
*North American Organisation*

Holman Bros. (Canada) Limited, 97 Kent Avenue, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

Branch Offices: Calgary, Timmins, and Sydney

Goodyear Pumps Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, 14 West 49th Street, New York 20, U.S.A.



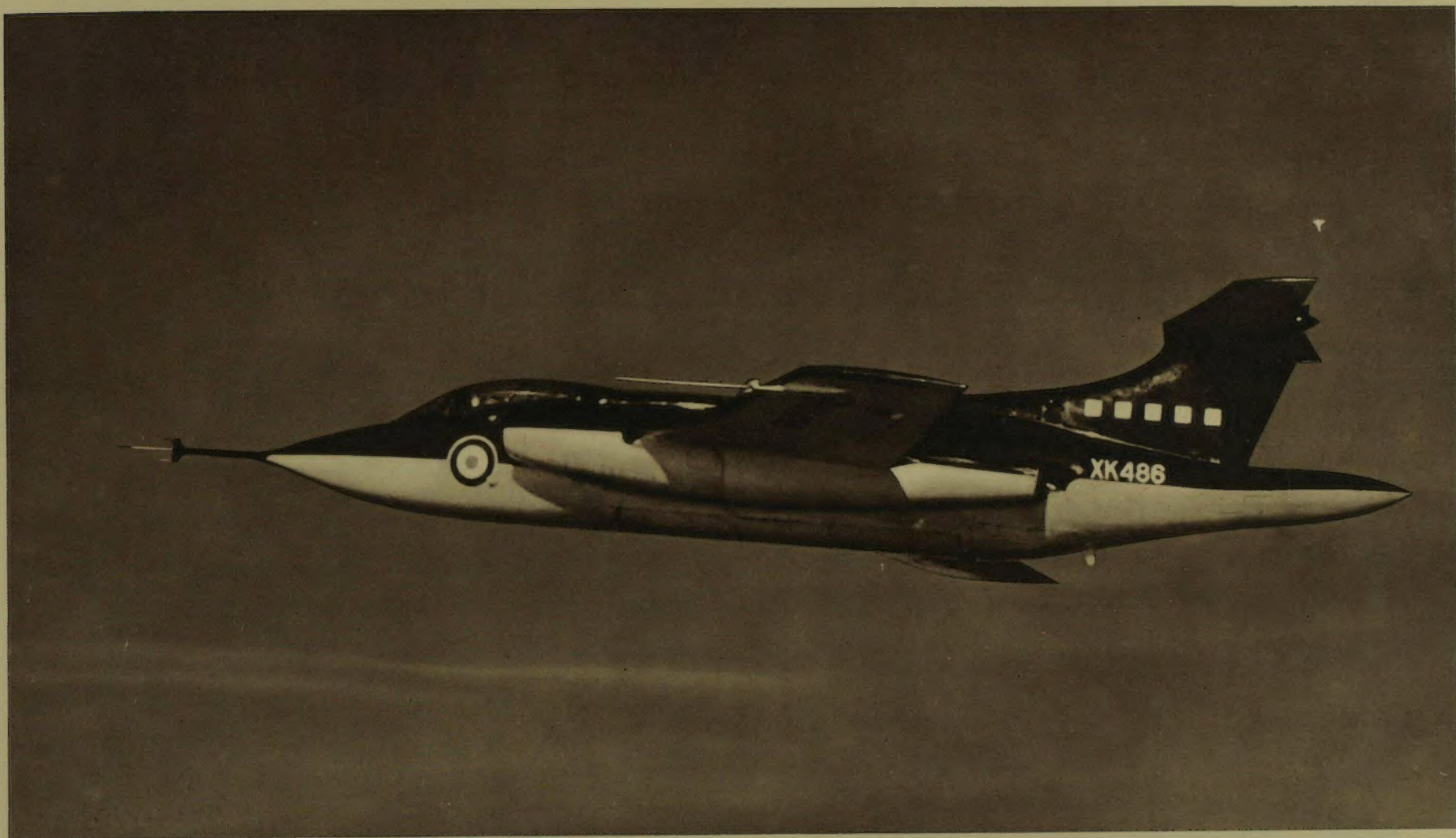


1909 Mr. Robert Blackburn designed, built and flew his first aeroplane at Marske Sands, in Yorkshire, England.

## CANADA CELEBRATES 50 YEARS OF FLIGHT

1909 Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy made the first controlled flight in a heavier-than-air machine in the British Commonwealth at Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia.

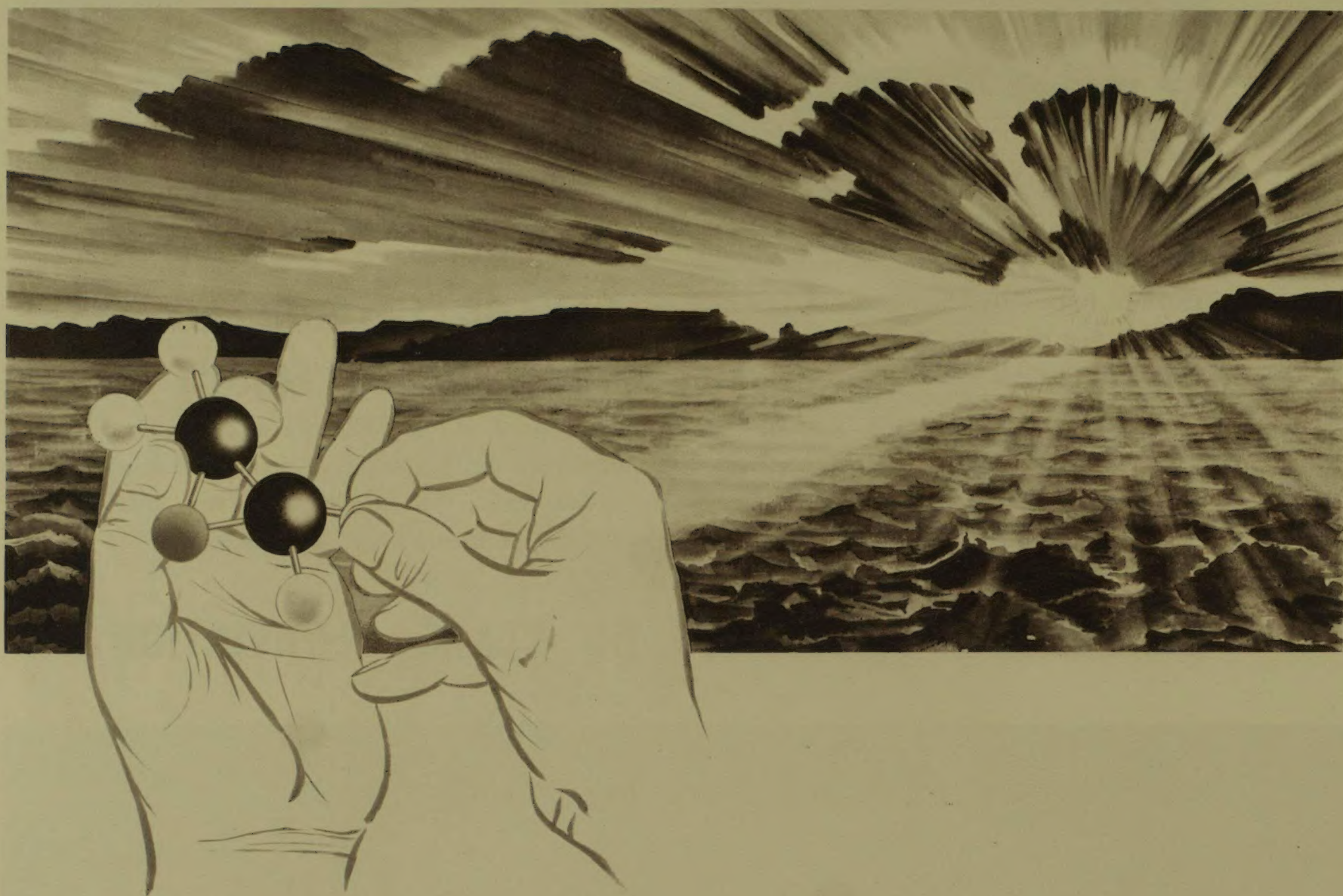
## BLACKBURN CELEBRATES 50 YEARS IN AVIATION



1959 Latest of a long line, the Blackburn NA.39, which first flew in April 1958, is now in production. Of this aircraft, the British Ministry of Defence has stated: "In the low-level strike role, the NA.39 is ahead of any aircraft in the world."

BLACKBURN AIRCRAFT LIMITED, BROUGH, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND





## From the oceans, the earth and the sky UNION CARBIDE brings progress to man

Polyethylene from a petroleum by-product . . . wonder chemicals squeezed from coal . . . metallurgical alloys created from ores mined in remote places. These, and a thousand other things . . .

Millions of pounds spent each year on research has given UNION CARBIDE a unique position in this modern age. In alloys, carbons, chemicals, gases, plastics and nuclear energy the name of UNION CARBIDE is a compelling power, bringing prosperity and the miracles of human inventiveness to the whole world.

In Great Britain, UNION CARBIDE operates alloy plants at Sheffield and Glossop, a polyethylene plant at Grangemouth, a valve-component factory at Aycliffe and a chemicals unit at Kirkby, near Liverpool. A further major petrochemicals facility is under construction at Fawley, Hampshire.

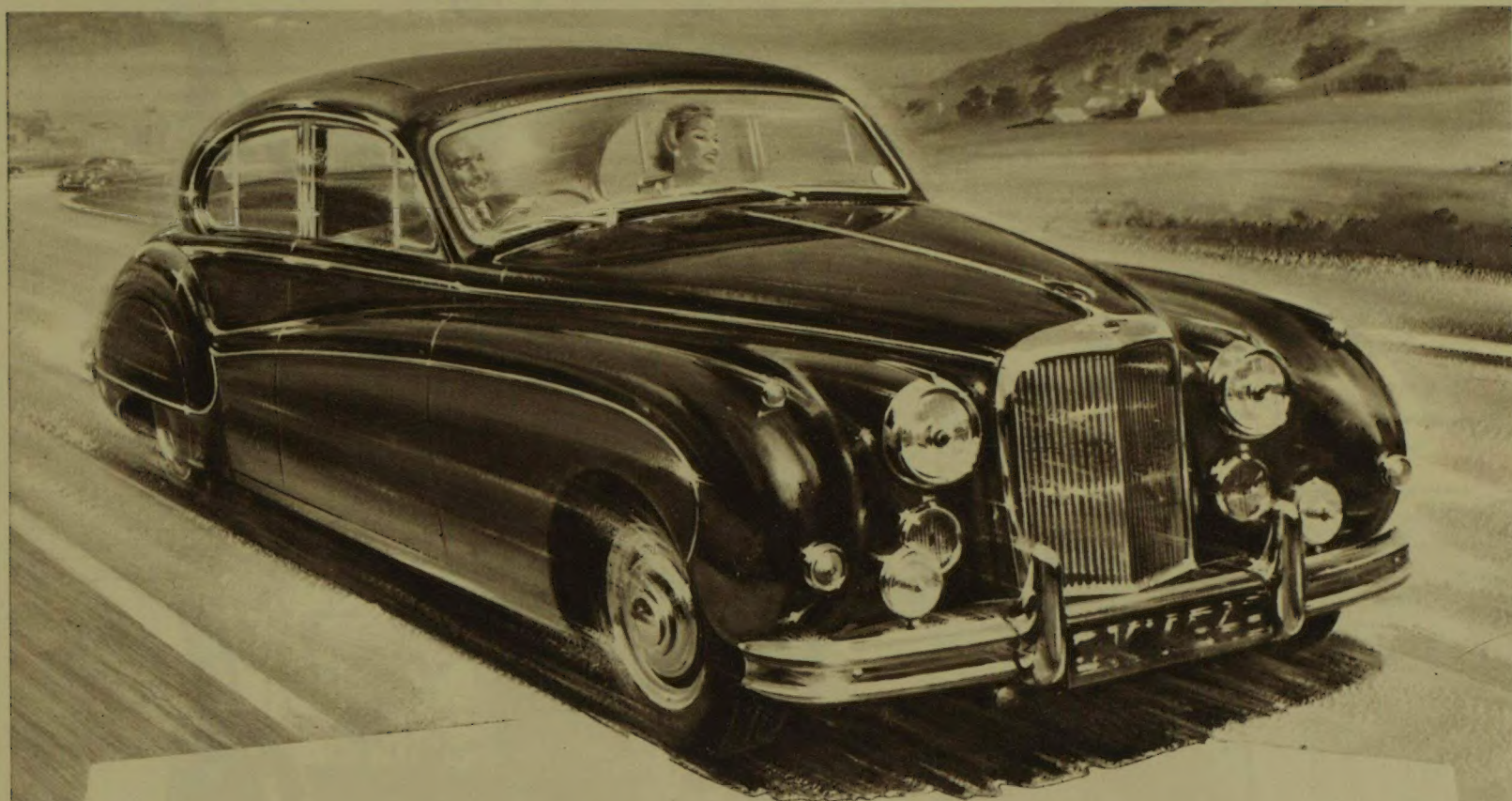
Bakelite Limited, the well-known plastics company, and British Acheson Electrodes Limited, a major producer of graphite in the U.K., are associate companies.

*The term UNION CARBIDE is a registered trade mark of Union Carbide Corporation.*

**UNION CARBIDE LTD., 103, MOUNT STREET, LONDON W.1.**

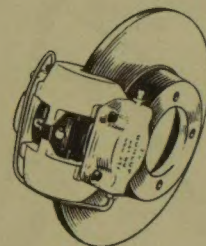
**UNION  
CARBIDE**





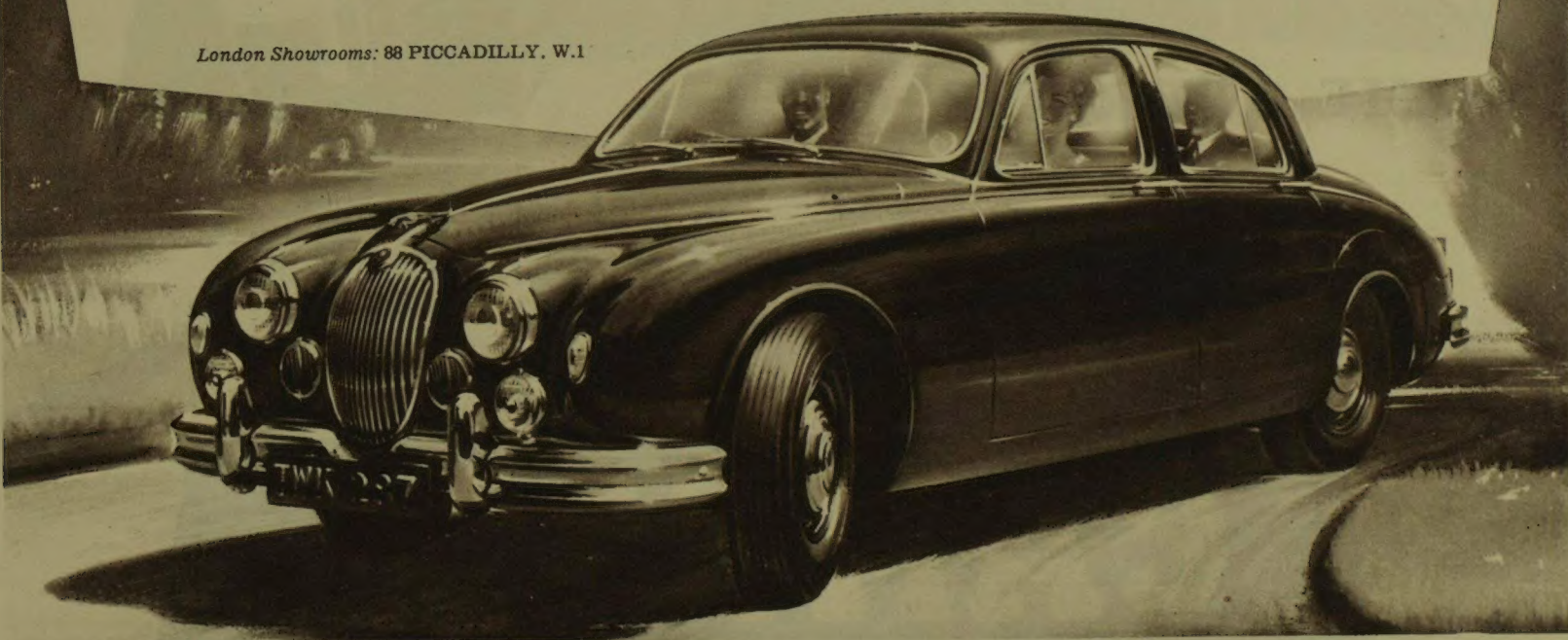
**JAGUAR** ... a special  
*kind of motoring which no other car in the  
 world can offer*

The Jaguar range includes the Mark Nine Saloon, the 2.4 Litre and 3.4 Litre Saloons and the XK150 Fixed and Drop-head Coupes and Roadster. All models are available with Automatic Transmission, Over-drive or Disc Brakes.



*The race-proved  
 Dunlop Disc Brake  
 SAFEST AND MOST  
 EFFICIENT BRAKE  
 IN THE WORLD*

London Showrooms: 88 PICCADILLY, W.1



JAGUAR . . . Grace . . . Space . . . Pace





## THE APERITIF

WHEREVER people foregather at aperitif time, whether it be before lunch, or before dinner, the discriminating drink a Campari. Your waiter or barman will serve you with an appreciative smile—he knows that you have found *the* aperitif... he has found a connoisseur.

# CAMPARI

WITH SODA · WITH VERMOUTH · IN COCKTAILS & IN LONG DRINKS





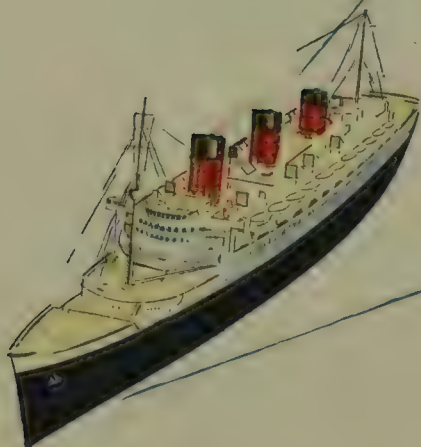
## TRAVEL IN A BIG WAY

In this supersonic age, the opportunity for relaxation decreases as the need for it grows. Small wonder that, given the choice, most people prefer to cross the Atlantic in a restful way . . . in a big way . . . in the leisured luxury of a great Cunarder. Magnificent menus . . . faultless service . . . sparkling entertainment and distinguished company . . . they're all part of the Cunard way of life. This is an experience beyond a mere means of travelling . . . it is a holiday in itself . . . the price of your passage ticket gives you so much more than transportation. And for those travelling on business, here is the breathing-space you need, and long for, and *deserve*.

**MOST CUNARD LINERS ARE FITTED  
WITH ANTI-ROLL STABILISERS**



*Lunchtime in the lovely Verandah Grill in the "Queen Elizabeth"*



**Carefree comfort all the way**

**to USA and CANADA**

# Cunard

Apply CUNARD LINE, Cunard Building, Liverpool, 3 (Liverpool CENTral 9201): 15, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItchall 7890): 88, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3 (AVenue 3010) or consult your local travel agent—no one can serve you better.



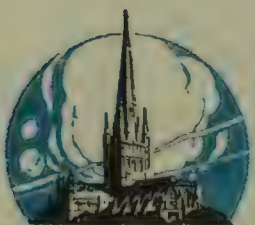


*A Kodachrome photograph*

## *A fine city, NORWICH*

This magnificent Cathedral, founded by the Normans nearly 900 years ago, stands today as a testimony to the work of men who were filled with inspiration and imagination. Through the centuries it has withstood the ravages of wars, the vagaries of men and the test of time.

It is not surprising that the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, established over 150 years ago by men with broad vision and a keen sense of the community's needs, should adopt Norwich Cathedral as their symbol. Today it is recognised throughout the world as the hallmark of all that is best in insurance.



# **NORWICH UNION**

## **INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH**

*Branches and Agencies throughout the World*

★ *A print of this advertisement may be obtained on application to the Societies' Publicity Department.*





DOWSETT

M/V "Melrose Abbey," built for  
Associated Humber Lines, Ltd.



*"Build me straight, O worthy master!  
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
and with wave and whirlwind wrestle."*

*"The building of the Ship"*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

**"MELROSE ABBEY" AND "BOLTON ABBEY"**

The largest vessels constructed in LOWESTOFT. With well-planned accommodation for 80 passengers and 950 tons of cargo . . . designed service speed of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  knots . . . a further example of the high standard of quality found in all vessels constructed by

# BROOKE MARINE LTD

Established 1874

*Builders and Designers of Vessels to the Highest Specifications up to 400 ft. Overall Length*

PASSENGER/CARGO VESSELS  
TRAWLERS  
PATROL BOATS  
MOTOR GUNBOATS  
BARGES  
DREDGERS

TANKERS  
COLLIERS  
MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS  
CUSTOMS LAUNCHES  
MOTOR CRUISERS  
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REFRIGERATED SHIPS  
MINESWEEPERS  
COASTERS  
TUGS  
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**SHIPYARDS: LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND**

Telephone: Lowestoft 1880 (6 Lines)

Telegrams: "Brookcraft" Lowestoft





# STATE EXPRESS 555

*The Best Cigarettes  
in the World*

The House of STATE EXPRESS, 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.



# Since 1931 . . .



. . . Rolls Royce Limited have standardised on stainless steel for the fabrication of their famous radiator and other components.

Firth-Vickers are proud to have been associated in the supply of their products for an application where only the best is good enough.

*"Staybrite"*  
STAINLESS STEEL



**FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD., SHEFFIELD**

*is the only company in Europe to devote its activities to the production and development of stainless and heat-resisting steels.*



## Long Vacation to the sun...

Archibald Stanley, barrister, gazed gloomily out of the window of his Chambers. Still five weeks of Term to run. Piles of papers spread round him like a nightmare knotted with red tapes. He must get *away* for the Long Vacation—right away, somewhere he'd find the sun and have a bit of peace... A week later he was dining with Sir Timothy, his uncle—amazing how one's relations asked one to dinner and wanted free advice. Sir Timothy was worried about his daughter Christine in Durban—

A few weeks later Archibald Stanley was on board the 'Stirling Castle' outward bound for Cape Town. Luxury suited him down to the deck. Long days of sunshine, time to think coherently, fine Union-Castle service, fine Union-Castle food, an afternoon in Madeira, and weeks of utter freedom from solicitors, stiff collars and striped trousers.

He leant over the rails watching the ship dock at Cape Town. Table Mountain, laid with a cloth of cloud. Once



some business about property in her name in England. Sir Timothy said, "Archie, you never seem to be in Chambers when I ring you, can't have much to do, why don't you go out there and see if you can sort it all out for her?" It was a good idea. The Long Vacation was eight weeks—it would only take six to get to Cape Town and back, by sea, allowing two weeks ashore in South Africa... and generous Uncle Timothy could no doubt be persuaded to foot half the bill... at least!

ashore he hired a car and motored the first stage of his way towards Durban and Christine, going via the Garden Route to George, to Knysna and the Wilderness. At Port Elizabeth he caught a plane to Durban. Christine and Jan met him and they motored out to their white-pillared home, flaming with bouganvillea. Christine was happy in South Africa, and she was going to have a baby. Archibald disentangled her legal worry, and promised to look after the English end of the thing when he got home.



He stayed with his cousins for nearly a week, and then flew to Cape Town to the Mount Nelson Hotel. On board again he shared his table with a very pretty South African girl on a visit to England.

There were more piles of papers waiting for him in Chambers in London, but he felt ready to cope with anything now.

He dined with Uncle Timothy again, and told him all Christine's news and how much good the trip had done him. He made a clever joke about 'Mare Nostrum', which his Uncle had to have explained. He also had to have the South African girl explained, and brought round, before he would approve of Archie getting engaged.

By going and coming back on the dates he chose, Archibald Stanley came in for the Quick Trip Reduction in Union-Castle First Class fares. And, of course, there



was no charge for the extra 'baggage' he brought back with him from South Africa. That was Sir Timothy's turn to make a joke!

the going's good by



# UNION-CASTLE

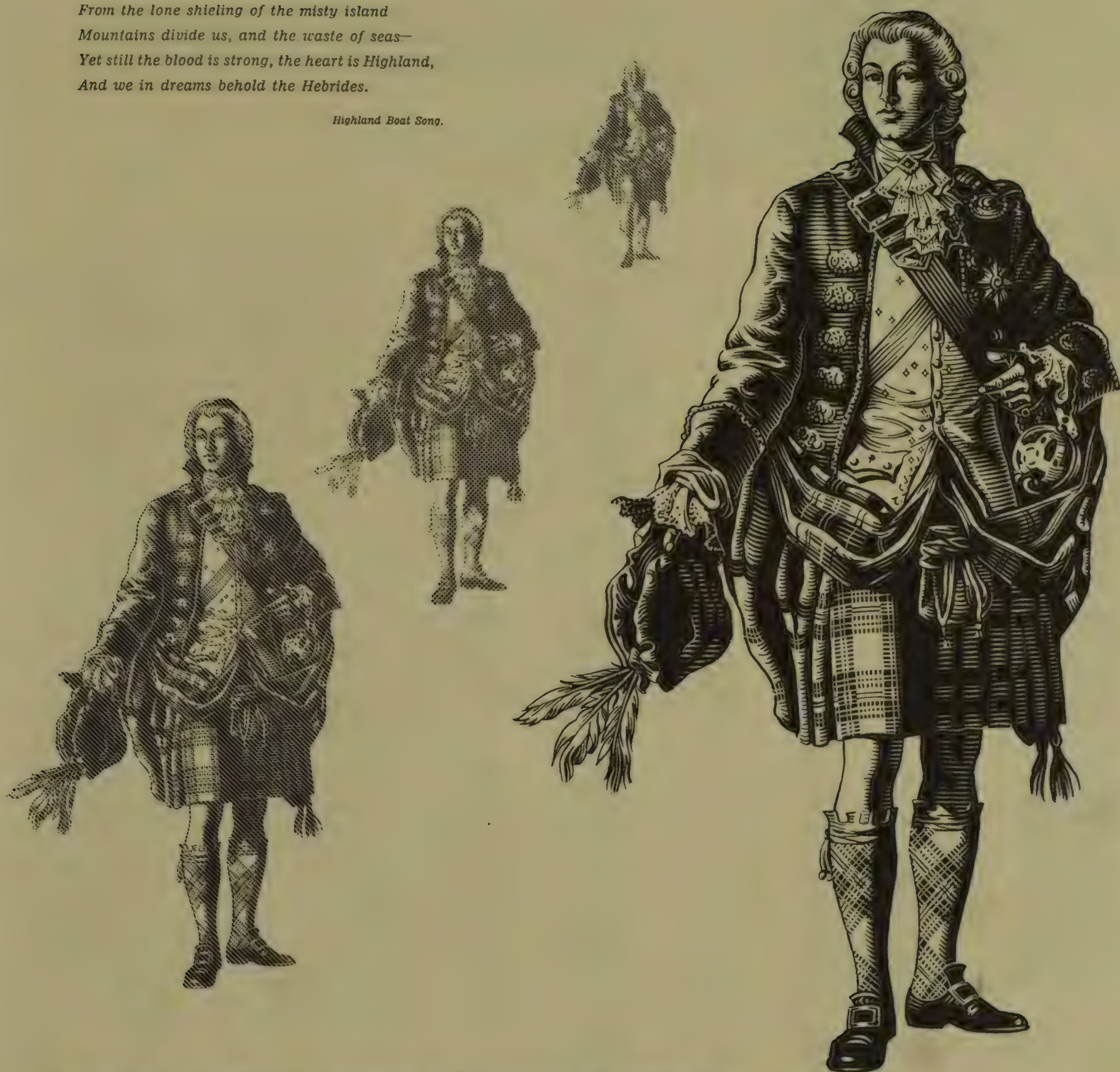
Every Thursday at 4 p.m. from Southampton to South Africa.  
About twice a month from London for the Round Africa voyage.

CHIEF PASSENGER OFFICE, DEPT. NO. 11, ROTHERWICK HOUSE,  
19-21 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. TEL: HYDE PARK 8400 OR TRAVEL AGENTS



*From the lone shieling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.*

*Highland Boat Song.*



## MORE AND MORE PEOPLE FAVOUR DRAMBUIE

All over the world more and more people are asking for the historic liqueur from Scotland. Drambuie is a kindly gesture from host to guest—a luxury that is part of everyday life. The ancient recipe for Drambuie includes old Scotch whisky, heather honey and delicate herbs.

# Drambuie

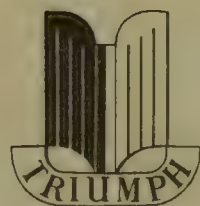
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR





**BIG INSURANCE SAVING!**

# It's a new experience in motoring!



The Triumph Herald, with its super-safety features, introduces a new era in car insurance with a unique insurance plan for Triumph Herald owners. This plan can not only save you half-a-crown on every pound you pay for Triumph Herald insurance, but also gives you a No-Claim bonus of up to 50 per cent. Furthermore, repairs can proceed immediately when the work is carried out by a Triumph distributor or dealer. Here is practical proof of the safety built into the Triumph Herald . . . a new experience in safe, economical motoring for you.

SALOON £702·7·6 (inc. P.T.)

COUPÉ £730·14·2 (inc. P.T.)

THE NEW **TRIUMPH** *herald*

THE TRIUMPH HERALD IS A PRODUCT OF THE STANDARD-TRIUMPH GROUP  
HEAD OFFICES AND FACTORIES: COVENTRY · LONDON SHOWROOMS: BERKELEY SQUARE W.1. GRO. 8181



# 'Good Mornings' begin with 1,500 tons of very special steel



**F. H. Happold, distinguished industrial journalist, finds a story behind his morning shave.**

A RAZOR BLADE weighs one-fortieth of an ounce. It is 4 to 5 thousandths of an inch thick.

Yet all the razor blades made in a year by the Gillette factory on the Great West Road, Middlesex, use up over 1,500 tons of very special steel strip – nearly 50,000 miles of it! Laid one on top of another, a year's output of blades would make a stack 25 times the height of Mount Everest!

Automatic machinery – covering acres of floor – punches, hardens, tempers, lacquers, prints, grinds, strops and hones the blades all day long. And the steel for this rapid continuous production must be as flawless as the finished blade. It must be absolutely uniform.

At one time the supply of this special razor blade steel came from abroad. But a Stocksbridge steel firm tackled the job of producing it and quickly became master of the intricate technique.

## NOW IT'S EARNING DOLLARS

Mr. J. F. Kayser, hard-headed North country Gillette metallurgist, was emphatic: "There's no better razor blade steel in the world than the special steel made in Britain."

So good is the British product that even in America the use of British razor blade steel is increasing, thus adding to our dollar earnings.

How was it done? In terms of plant, it meant brand new electric furnaces, rolling mills, instruments and so on, with new buildings to house them. It meant a major research effort. Above all, it called for the closest collaboration between experienced steelmakers and the experts in razor blade manufacture.

To maintain standards, close co-

operation has continued to this day. At the steel works and at the razor blade factory the steel is subjected to identical tests. With a material so incalculable as steel, sudden snags can arise. Is it the steel or are the machines responsible? No one tries to pass the buck: the experts are at one in their determination to get at the truth; they exchange visits whenever necessary. All the time the supplier is experimenting in an effort still further to improve the product.

Such is the service which steel users expect – and receive – from Britain's steel firms. In a craft as complex as steel-making, the customer's needs can often be met only by this sort of close collaboration. The result is that one firm alone may make over 500 different kinds of steel, all developed for different purposes.

## NOT JUST RAZOR BLADES...

The morning shave is but one of the thousands of ways in which special steels enter our daily lives. We use them in vacuum cleaners, washing machines, typewriters, motor cars, hair clips, needles and scissors – and a host of other everyday objects. Each one has probably called on the specialised knowledge and devotion of teams of technologists and skilled workers in both the steelmaking and manufacturing firms.

Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her three hundred and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt.

*This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.*

**F. H. HAPPOLD** For most of his working life F. H. Happold has been a journalist writing mainly on economic, industrial and financial subjects.

He has studied the British industrial scene from almost every angle over 25 years, and believes he recognises outstanding business efficiency when he comes across it.



**ROD REVITT**, first hand melter at a Stocksbridge steel firm, taps 70 tons of molten steel from an electric arc furnace. This is the first step in making razor blades.



**MACHINES LIKE THIS** must turn out blades by the million – and to keep them running smoothly the special steel used must be as flawless as the finished blades.



# The Prudential of England builds in Canada

## *British insurance aids Canadian expansion*

NEXT YEAR this new Montreal headquarters of the Prudential of England will be a reality—another sign of the confidence in Canada's present and future.

In an economy where youth and enterprise provide the impulse, insurance gives the background of security.

Flexibility and imagination have characterized the development of the Prudential in Canada. It is the leading British company for life assurance in the Dominion and has a considerable fire and casualty connection.

Prudential service in Canada is wholly Canadian: policies are liberal in their provisions and free from restrictions, with the guaranteed settlement options usual in Canada. The Company's fire and casualty business has been adapted to the full range of needs of the country.

With thirty branches in major centres across Canada, the Prudential has nearly a thousand employees and field representatives serving Canadians.



## THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

CHIEF OFFICE: 142 HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1, ENGLAND  
Present Head Office in Canada: 465 St. John Street, Montreal, P.Q.

## Teamwork



## at SHELL HAVEN

At Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, Taylor Woodrow have completed the construction of a crude oil distillation unit for Stone and Webster Engineering Limited, main contractors to the Shell Refining Co. Limited.

This new unit will process 11,000 tons of Kuwait crude oil daily. Taylor Woodrow's part in this undertaking included mass excavation (all below high tide level); the construction of the complex reinforced concrete foundations and the installation of all mechanical equipment including some 14 miles of pipework.



**TAYLOR WOODROW**  
BUILD EVERYWHERE



SHELL HAVEN, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex





# STAINLESS STEEL

*— a mark of quality*

Corroded motor-car trim prematurely ages your car and lowers its resale value. That is why stainless steel is used by car manufacturers who want their products to last and to look smart while they last. *Stainless steel is hard. It is strong. It looks as good as a good car should.*



SAMUEL FOX & COMPANY LIMITED  
STOCKSBRIDGE WORKS · SHEFFIELD · ENGLAND

*A subsidiary company of*

THE UNITED  
**STEEL**  
COMPANIES LTD





*It's no secret...* well, not a secret *you* can't share...

their pleasant discovery is the habit of travelling the world in real *comfort*. By BOAC, of course. To get in on the secret, just book yourself a BOAC ticket. Step aboard a BOAC jetliner (*Comet 4* or jet-prop *Britannia*).

Then relax and enjoy that "pampered" feeling which only BOAC's *personal* service can give you.

Whether you choose luxury travel or low-fare travel, it's *always* the finest value money can buy.

Once you're in the know, you'll fly BOAC every time.

*De Luxe, First Class, Tourist and Economy Class services. Consult your local BOAC Appointed Travel Agent or any BOAC office.*

ALL OVER THE WORLD **B·O·A·C** TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU ➤

B R I T I S H O V E R S E A S A I R W A Y S C O R P O R A T I O N





Space... Speed... Beauty...

Here is a car with a distinctive personality of its own expressed through a superb elegance of line, luxurious comfort and a brilliant performance. The Humber Super Snipe is available with fully automatic transmission or overdrive, power-assisted steering and individual front seats as extras.

# Humber

## SUPER SNIPE

It is also available as a luxury Limousine and Estate Car.  
Saloon (as illustrated) £995 plus p.t. £415.14.2.



A product of

**ROOTES MOTORS LTD**

HUMBER LTD • DIVISION OF ROOTES MOTORS LTD • LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD • DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • PICCADILLY • LONDON W.1



# WEDGWOOD BONE CHINA 1812-1822

by WOLF MANKOWITZ



Tea pot decorated with rural scene, probably painted by John Cutts of Pinxton.

**Collectors' Guide  
to 'Choicest' tea-ware**



Tea pot stand, jug, cup and saucer (printed) with Chinese dragons in black, enamelled green over glaze.

Cup and saucer richly decorated in orange and gold floral design.



WITHIN a few years of the death in 1795 of the first Josiah Wedgwood it seemed as if the fashion for the pottery associated with his name had also passed away. By 1811 the Wedgwood agent in London was writing to the factory, "Every day we are asked for China Tea-Ware—our sales of it would be immense if we had any—Earthenware Tea-Ware is quite out of fashion."

So Josiah Wedgwood II began to experiment in the manufacture of bone china. By June 1812 casks of tea-ware, the first Wedgwood porcelain, arrived in London—a credit to the second Josiah and a reflection of the genius of his father.

But only a reflection. Josiah II's lack of experience resulted in uneconomical production and inefficient marketing. The agent (distinctly no merchant genius) reported, "We have sold one Set of number 599 and a Breakfast Set—many families have left town—unfortunately the Sets were just a month too late here."

Josiah II's bone-china experiment, lasting only ten years, produced one of the rarest groups of Old Wedgwood. His use of such artists as John Cutts of Pinxton (landscapes) and Aaron Steele (birds) together with a so-far unidentified fruit-and-flower painter, resulted in tea-ware of great decorative interest. Although its quality is very uneven the best of it is considered equal to the finest productions of the traditional porcelain-producing factories of the period.

Wedgwood Bone China 1812-1822 is marked in red, blue, gold or black upper-case lettering (see left). The use of the mark over the glaze sometimes results (in the case of examples which have been constantly used) in partial or complete obliteration. The Wedgwood firm revived manufacture of fine bone china in 1878 and continue to the present day as one of the world's foremost producers of the ware.

## WEDGWOOD

**NOTE TO COLLECTORS** It is still possible to find odd examples of this important class of Wedgwood ware. They needn't be expensive, and you can be sure they are very choice. As choice in their own way, as Brooke Bond 'Choicest' tea—a fragrant blend of finest Ceylon and Assam teas that makes a worthy partner to your Wedgwood bone china tea-ware. At 2/- per quarter this is undoubtedly the best value in tea today.

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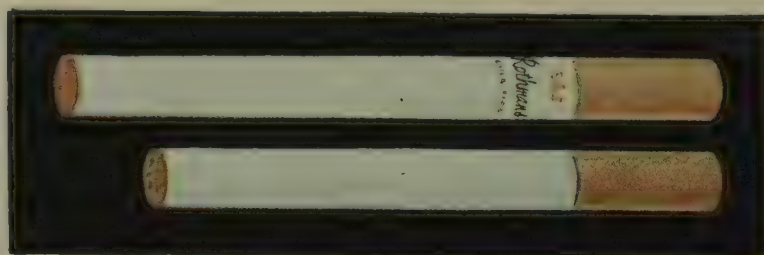
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1959.



THE LAST STAGE OF A STRENUOUS TOUR: THE QUEEN SPEAKING AT FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

During the last stage of her tour of Canada her Majesty visited Fredericton, New Brunswick, and in this picture she is seen delivering a speech on the steps of the legislative building on July 28. In many quarters it has been felt that the tour was an extremely strenuous one, in view of the number of

official engagements the Queen had to carry out. It was announced shortly after the tour that she was expecting a baby. In this special commemorative issue of *The Illustrated London News* the main events of the Queen's visit to Canada are illustrated in a day-to-day record beginning on page 73.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the oddest things about the Cold War—and there are some very odd things about it indeed!—is that, while a barrier of bitter suspicion and recriminatory propaganda, almost entirely of her own choice and making, divides the U.S.S.R. from her former British ally, in no foreign country in the world, not even the United States, are the great classics of English literature so assiduously read as in Soviet Russia. Shakespeare, indeed, is probably more widely appreciated to-day in Moscow and Leningrad than in London and New York. As for Dickens, judging by the published sale figures, he seems to have almost as great a vogue in mid-20th-century Russia as in the England of his own day. Even Edwardian writers like Kipling, an uncompromising Imperialist and High Tory, and Galsworthy, who is now apparently regarded in advanced literary circles in this country as a reactionary “fuddy-duddy,” are held, and in my view quite rightly, in high esteem in the “culture-loving” Soviet Union. This seems to make nonsense of the political dividing lines between us, in fact to invert the Communist ideology which is so rigidly insisted on in the case of Russian domestic literature and which has so unaccountably caused that rather melancholy book, “Dr. Zhivago,” to be banned as the blackest heresy on one side of the Iron Curtain and hailed as the greatest novel of the century on the other.

In the case of Dickens, however, there is some ideological justification for the interest taken in him in Russian Communist circles. Dickens was a contemporary in England of Karl Marx and Engels, and the social iniquities and injustices they opposed with such devastating consequences were opposed with equal fervour and far greater eloquence by the author of “Little Dorrit” and “Nicholas Nickleby.” Unlike Shakespeare and Kipling, Dickens was far from aristocratic in his sympathies; like Galsworthy, only with an infinitely more powerful emotional appeal, he was a passionate champion of the under-dog. And the England of his day, though well peopled with vigorous bourgeois *arrivistes*, was swarming with under-dogs. Indeed, it was the very excess of this English under-doggery in the ‘forties and ‘fifties—for the Victorians never did things by halves—that provided Marx and Engels with the intensity of conviction that was to turn Socialism into a real motive force in the world. And, owing to his wonderful gifts of emotional description, Dickens has perpetuated the horror and despair of the poor and oppressed of the England of his day with such vividness that his readers can still recapture the effect made on his contemporaries. Nothing could be further removed from the world of the Thames-side blacking-factory in which the youthful David Copperfield worked than the chromium-plated, multi-windowed, shop-steward and Board-of-Trade-Inspector regulated English factory of to-day, but to someone who has read Dickens and never worked in a modern factory, the first is probably far more real than the second. And Russian readers, we are told, nursed as they are on Dickens, are convinced that Britain is still the land depicted in the great Victorian’s novels. This, of course, conforms almost exactly to the anti-capitalist, anti-British party-line of Marxist expositors and propagandists, and so serves a political as well as a literary end.

How powerful the impression of the past can be on the present, though the reality of the former has long vanished, was brought home to me

during a recent visit to the London Docks. Like most of my contemporaries I had derived my ideas of the docks from the legends of the great dock strikes of the closing Victorian era and of my own boyhood, from the apocalyptic drawings of Gustave Doré, and from Henry Mayhew’s vast documentary work, “London Labour and the London Poor.” I have just been re-reading the latter, and the contrast between the Thames-side docks as they are to-day and as they were in the ‘fifties of the last century or, for that matter, even in the years immediately preceding my own birth in the late ‘nineties, is almost incredible. Instead of the grimy strongholds of Gradgrind *laissez-faire*, filled with desperate ne’er-do-wells struggling with one another and their harsh employers for a miserable livelihood which I had been half-led by my early reading to expect,

metropolis, should wend his way to the London Dock gates at half-past seven in the morning. There he will see congregated within the principal entrance masses of men of all grades, looks, and kinds. Some in half-fashioned surtouts burst at the elbows, with the dirty shirts showing through. Others in greasy sporting jackets, with red pimples on their faces. Others in the rags of their half-slang gentility, with the velvet collars of their paletots worn through to the canvas. Some in rusty black, with their waistcoats fastened tight up to the throat. Others, again, with the knowing thieves’ curl on each side of the jaunty cap. . . . Presently you know, by the stream pouring through the gates and the rush towards particular spots, that the “calling foremen” have made their appearance. Then begins the scuffling and scrambling forth of countless hands high in the air, to catch the eye of him whose voice may give them work. As the foreman calls from a book the names, some men jump up on the backs of the others, so as to lift themselves high

above the rest, and attract the notice of him who hires them. All are shouting. Some cry aloud his surname, some his christian name, others call out their own names, to remind him that they are there. Now the appeal is made in Irish blarney—now in broken English. Indeed, it is a sight to sadden the most callous, to see thousands of men struggling for only one day’s hire; the scuffle being made the fiercer by the knowledge that hundreds out of the number there assembled must be left to idle the day out in want. To look in the faces of that hungry crowd is to see a sight that must be ever remembered. Some are smiling to the foreman to coax him into remembrance of them; others, with their protruding eyes, eager to snatch at the hoped-for pass. For weeks many have gone there and gone through the same struggle—the same cries; and have gone away, after all, without the work they had screamed for. . . . Many of them, it was clear, came to the gate without the means of a day’s meal, and, being hired, were obliged to go on credit for the very food they worked upon. What wonder, then, that the calling foreman should be often carried many yards away by the struggle and rush of the men around him seeking employment at his hands! One gentleman assured me that he had been taken off his feet and hurried a distance of a quarter of a mile by the eagerness of the impatient crowd around him.

The docks of London [Mayhew writes] are to a superficial observer the very focus of metropolitan wealth. The cranes creak with the mass of riches. In the warehouses are stored goods that are as it were ingots of untold gold. Above and below ground you see piles upon piles of treasure that the eye cannot compass. The wealth appears as boundless as the very sea it has traversed. There are acres upon acres of treasure, more than enough, one would fancy, to stay the cravings of the whole world, and yet you have but to visit the hovels grouped round about all this amazing excess of riches to witness the same amazing excess of poverty. . . . Pass from the quay and warehouses to the courts and alleys that surround them, and the mind is as bewildered with the destitution of the one place as it is with the super-abundance of the other. Many come to see the riches, but few the poverty, abounding in absolute masses round the far-famed port of London.

How different the scene to-day! The wealth is still there, piled high in the great sheds and warehouses of the Port of London Authority. So are much of the drabness and ugliness and the uninspiring monotony of that tragic creation of the 19th century, the East End of London. But the poverty, the degradation and injustice that fanned the flame of indignation in Dickens and Karl Marx have vanished like the parade of fashion, shining brass and glorious horses that once on summer evenings filled the space between Hyde Park Corner and Princes Gate. They exist only in the pages of the great writers and reformers of the past.



HEADLINES OF TWO TORONTO NEWSPAPERS ON AUGUST 7, ANNOUNCING THAT THE QUEEN IS EXPECTING A BABY EARLY NEXT YEAR.

After the six-week Royal tour of Canada and the return of the Queen to this country, it was announced from Buckingham Palace on August 7 that the Queen is expecting a baby during the early part of next year. Here we show the delighted reaction of two Toronto papers to the news. The Queen did not want any announcement to be made until her condition was confirmed, in case there might be a curtailment of the Canadian tour. It has now been announced that she will undertake no further engagements, and so her visit to Ghana this autumn has been postponed. Dr. Nkrumah has been staying at Balmoral to discuss the future arrangements.

I found almost spotlessly clean warehouses stacked with Brigade of Guards neatness by ingenious machines, operated by small groups of highly-skilled and, judging by their clothes and appearance, highly-paid craftsmen, proud of their prowess and calling. I am told that piece-workers in the London Docks can sometimes earn more than £30 a week and that the present average wage of the regular dock-worker is between £16 and £20 a week. Despite the immensity of the work continuously carried out, there seemed to be scarcely more overcrowding in the vast warehouses and miles of quays than in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and the only sign of congestion I could see was that of the parked cars of the dock-workers, a very large proportion of whom, I was assured, now come to work in private, not public, motor transport. Compare this picture with that drawn by Mayhew in 1850.

He who wishes [he wrote] to behold one of the most extraordinary and least-known scenes of this

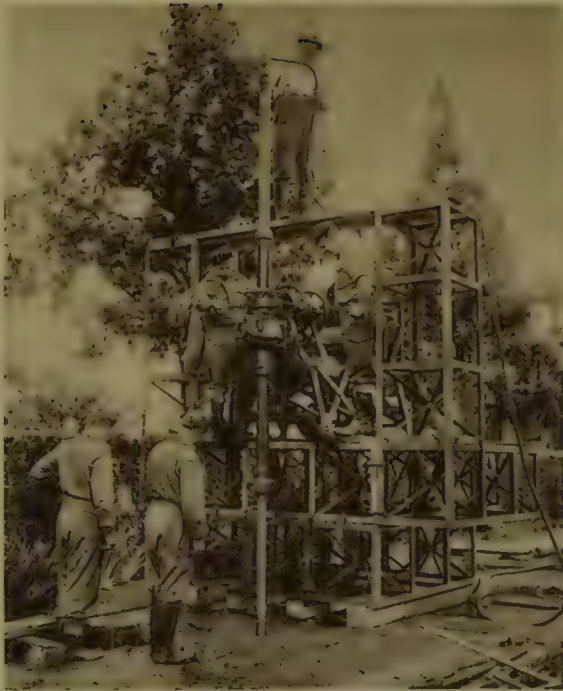


# DRUGS, CATS AND THE CASEMENT DIARIES—AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS:



(Above.)

A "MEALS ON WHEELS" SERVICE IN BOURNEMOUTH FOR CATS WHOSE OWNERS HAVE GONE AWAY ON HOLIDAY AND LEFT THEM: MRS. BERYL SAUNDERS, WHO IS SEEN ON ONE OF HER DAILY VISITS, CARRIES OUT HER SERVICE BY MOTOR SCOOTER FOR SWIFT DELIVERY TO THE CATS.



A SCARE NEAR A FAMOUS ART GALLERY: A BOMB DISPOSAL SQUAD DRILLING FOR BOMBS NEXT TO THE TATE GALLERY. Nearly twenty years after the "blitz" on London, it has been reported that unexploded bombs may be buried in the ground near London's famous Tate Gallery. A metal object has been located about 14 ft. down, but it could be a prison door from the old Millbank penitentiary, long pulled down.



DRUGS ON THE TABLE: AFTER A LIVERPOOL RUMMAGE CREW HAD SEARCHED A CARGO-SHIP FROM THE FAR EAST. Nearly 2 cwt. of Indian hemp, from which hashish is prepared, was found in an empty ballast tank and a ventilator shaft of the cargo-ship *Yoma* at Liverpool on August 7. The *Yoma* had come from the Far East. The hemp is said to be worth anything up to £300,000.

(Right.)

ROAD TO THE MUSIC FESTIVAL SMASHED BY FLOOD-WATER: PART OF THE VAST NEW AUTOBAHN BRIDGE NEAR SALZBURG, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE VICTIMS. As a result of the worst floods for nearly forty years, a new bridge carrying an autobahn to the Festival city of Salzburg, in Austria, collapsed, and Austria's main east-west railway was interrupted at three points. The rivers Salzach, Enns and Danube rose up to 12 ft. after a day and a half of continuous rain, and a state of emergency was declared in several holiday resorts. Thousands of tourists were stranded, cars were swept away, while in nearby Bavaria landslides brought traffic on some roads to a standstill.



COMING IN TO BERTH AT PORTLAND, AUGUST 14: THE UNITED STATES NUCLEAR SUBMARINE SKIPJACK AFTER A TRAINING CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC. SHE HAD ON BOARD COMMANDER BARNABY SAMBOURNE, R.N., CAPTAIN-DESIGNATE OF THE BRITISH NUCLEAR SUBMARINE DREADNOUGHT, WHICH HAS NOT YET FINISHED COMPLETION.



THE CASEMENT DIARIES AT THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE: THE DIARIES OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT, WHO WAS HANGED IN 1916.

The Home Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, last month decided to make the Casement diaries available to authorised persons. Controversy has raged over the authenticity of the diaries ever since the trial and execution of Sir Roger Casement for treason in World War I.



THE settlement in Cyprus is faced by a threat. There can be no doubt on that point, but it is not so easy to decide how formidable the danger has become. It seems to be greatly exaggerated in some quarters. On the other hand, whether it be big or little, recent news points to a slight increase. Many factors are involved. They certainly include the future of British bases and issues in Greek political life. The most important element, however, is the difference which has arisen between Archbishop Makarios and General Grivas. Efforts, doubtless with the best intentions, were made to exhibit them as trifling or non-existent, but they have recently been abandoned. They could not be maintained when one of the opponents, General Grivas, proclaimed the conflict.

To start with, let us remember that the settlement got its send-off from the Greek and Turkish Governments; that it was concluded by those Governments, the British Government, and the representatives of the Greek and Turkish communities in Cyprus; and that it was arranged to thrash out the problems involved through committees in the island, in Ankara, and in London. Archbishop Makarios threw himself into the work with the utmost zeal. General Grivas, who quitted Cyprus for Greece, where he received a hero's welcome, appeared to give the project his blessing. He has since declared that he was not at first made aware of all the details of the scheme, and even asserted that there were verbal commitments which were concealed from him.

In Cyprus all to begin with was merry as a marriage bell. Observers could hardly believe their eyes and ears. No sensible person expected that the complex arrangements ahead would be in all cases easy to solve, but the spirit of amity was most promising. Then things worsened. There were no grave outrages, but accounts came in of offers to buy arms from troops and other sinister happenings. On August 12 police raided two neighbouring villages which had been both Eoka and Left-Wing fastnesses, and found half-made shotgun barrels and cartridges. On the same day further charges of offering to buy arms were lodged in Larnaca. None of this amounted to much, but it has to be taken into account.

Meanwhile, the opposition of General Grivas had become franker. It was clearly most unwelcome to the Government, above all because it suggested an incursion on the part of the General into Greek politics. This would certainly be from a Right-Wing camp because he had always been a Right-Winger, as he had shown in his "resistance" days. By a paradox, however, he could be most useful to the Centre and Left—and I think much more to the Centre than to the Left—in the role of soldier-hero-patriot-politician because he embarrassed the Government and might filch from it some of what I may call the patriotic sentiment to which it owed its origin and on which it relied so heavily. Now there have been new developments.

Early this month Bishop Anthimos, Metropolitan of Kitium, came to Athens as the emissary of Archbishop Makarios. It was confidently reported in Greece that he bore a message to General Grivas and even that an interview had been arranged. Then, however, the General went

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE GENERAL AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

off on a holiday to Corfu, which is, of course, an excellent place to go for a holiday. He may have received a message from the Archbishop, but he did not have an interview with the Bishop of Kitium. However, at Corfu he had one of another kind, an audience of King Paul which lasted two hours, an exceptionally long time for a Royal audience. It would be unseemly to speculate

As a specimen I give the comment of a Centre Opposition Athens newspaper, *Eleftheria*. It sees indications that Græco-Turkish friendship is in a state of collapse. Its first reason for this assertion is that, according to its information, the conversations in Ankara have broken down and not merely been postponed, as the Government suggests. The second is that Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, has put off his visit to Greece, and that this visit was to have signalled "decisions reached at the Græco-Turkish Conference in Ankara." The first obvious reflection is that some delays in the progress of these talks was always likely, but no evidence as yet appeared as to whether this one is due to disagreement of a

serious nature or represents a not-insuperable snag. In either case, efforts to maintain secrecy would be natural.

The able young leader of the Greek delegation in Ankara, Mr. Bitsios, an official of the Greek Foreign Ministry, has stated that there is no reason to suppose the question of minorities will wreck Græco-Turkish friendship. The Greek delegation on the London Mixed Committee declares that no concessions outside the letter or the spirit of the original agreements reached in Zürich and in London have been made either to the Turks or to the British. The question of the bases in Cyprus would appear to concern the extent to which centres of population should be included in them; General Grivas has lately spoken as if he were opposed to them in principle, but such an attitude would amount to disavowal of the whole agreement. There is also a hint of trouble over the powers of the Presidency—a Greek President and a Turkish Vice-President.

Examination of all these factors suggests that the position of General Grivas is crucial. Between him and the Archbishop it has been a case of bludgeon against rapier. Archbishop Makarios, as all the world knows now, is not only determined and subtle, but also highly skilled. He does not seem to have lost either his popularity in the island or the confidence which he has inspired in the Turkish Cypriots. As for the General, though he himself has not, up to the time of writing, indicated that he has in the slightest degree modified his views, optimists in Greece suggest that he may be having

second thoughts. I do not think there is a Greek proverb corresponding to the English one, that these are best.

I am not a pessimist. Even though there are influences which would relish fresh deadlocks, and though they have emotional material to deal with, it is hard to believe that all those concerned would countenance, or permit, a return to bloodshed, waste, frustration, and despair of the future. All have made their contributions to the settlement and this is the finest and most promising feature of it—all have made certain sacrifices, certain compromises, in its cause. Nothing will be achieved towards ending the conflicts and perils which beset the world unless Governments and peoples are prepared to make some compromises. The Cyprus question is not one of these life-and-death matters, but it is important to three nations as well as to Cyprus. It cannot be solved without the spirit of moderation.



THE VISIT OF GENERAL GRIVAS TO KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES ON AUGUST 11 AT CORFU: CORFU ISLANDERS APPLAUDING THE GENERAL ON HIS ARRIVAL.

General Grivas, who until recently led the Eoka organisation in Cyprus, took a new turn in his quarrel with Archbishop Makarios by making a surprise visit to King Paul, who is on holiday at Corfu. One of the reasons for this move is said to be his desire to avoid Bishop Anthimos of Kitium, who was sent to Athens by the Archbishop as a mediator. Nothing has been disclosed of the two-hour audience but speaking of Cyprus later the General said "As long as the British flag waves over the island, its inhabitants will be slaves."

about that, but it is clearly an important event. On the same day leaflets of a new organisation appeared in Cyprus. This is the Cyprus United Front (K.E.M.), the long-term aim of which is *Enosis*. The leaflet bore the tag: "Long live the famous and invincible Dighenis!" Dighenis is Grivas.

In the Athens Press there have been some allegations that the Turkish Cypriots are opposing the appointment of former members of Eoka to the new Government, boycotting Greek shops, and giving other evidence of unfriendliness. Occasionally a hint has appeared that the British are putting sand into the machinery, though it is surely insanity to imagine that they, supposing them to be Machiavellis of supreme skill and lack of scruple, could have anything to gain from another breakdown in Cyprus. The most dangerous line is, however, that the good relations established between Greece and Turkey so short a time ago have already been undermined.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. ABOUT THE TIME OF THE NEWS THAT MR. KHRUSHCHEV WILL VISIT THE U.S.A., AND THE PRESIDENT VISIT EUROPE: MR. EISENHOWER WITH HIS CABINET AND CLOSE OFFICIALS. Seated round the table are, left to right: Mr. Gerald Morgan, Deputy Assistant to the President; Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U.S. Representative to the United Nations; Mr. Fred Seaton, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Robert Anderson, Secretary to the Treasury; Mr. Richard Nixon, Vice President; Mr. William Rogers, Attorney General; Mr. Frederick Mueller, Acting Secretary of Commerce; Mr. Arthur Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; Mr. John McCone, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Mr. Maurice Stans, Director of the Bureau of the Budget; Mr. Leo Hoegh, Director of the Office of Civil and Defence Mobilisation; Mr. James Mitchell, Secretary of Labour; Mr. Arthur Summerfield, Postmaster General; Mr. Christian Herter, Secretary of State; Mr. Eisenhower; Mr. Neil McElroy, Secretary of Defence; Mr. Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Robert Gray, Secretary to the Cabinet; and Mr. Wilton Persons, Assistant to the President.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THREATENING THE TOWN OF UKIAH, WHERE EVERY AVAILABLE MAN WAS CALLED OUT TO FIGHT THE FLAMES: SOME OF THE DOZEN OR MORE FOREST FIRES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE RECENT DROUGHT.



EAST BERLIN, GERMANY. A WITNESS TO A DISASTER FIFTEEN YEARS AGO: AN EAST GERMAN SALVAGE CREW REMOVE SOME OF THE MUD AND WEEDS FROM AN AERO-ENGINE RECOVERED FROM A LAKE. THE AIRCRAFT, AN R.A.F. HALIFAX, WAS SHOT DOWN IN 1944 AFTER A RAID ON BERLIN.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. SALVAGED FROM A WARSHIP THAT SANK IN 1628: THE FIGUREHEAD OF *VASA* BEING HAULED TO THE PIER.



KARLSRUHE, GERMANY. BROUGHT CRASHING TO THE GROUND AFTER A SEVERE STORM: THE WOODEN STEEPLE OF JOHANNIS CHURCH BLOCKING ONE OF THE STREETS, WHICH WAS FORTUNATELY DESERTED WHEN WIND—WITH A VELOCITY OF 60 M.P.H.—CAUSED IT TO TOPPLE DOWN.



CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA. THE LARGEST RE-ENTRY VEHICLE RECOVERED TO DATE IN THE UNITED STATES: THE SURFACE OF AN *ATLAS* NOSE CONE BEING EXAMINED BY CAPTAIN DONALD L. STEELMAN, PROJECT OFFICER FOR THE *ATLAS* MISSILE PROGRAMME, AND MACK MORTON, GENERAL ELECTRICS PROJECT MANAGER.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. STILL INTACT AFTER 300 YEARS UNDER THE SEA: THE GREAT OAK FIGUREHEAD RECENTLY RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE WARSHIP *VASA*. On August 10, 1628, the Swedish warship *Vasa* mysteriously sank in Stockholm Harbour: it is thought that she was too narrow to take her heavy armament. Some years after the disaster an unsuccessful attempt was made to raise her. In 1956 the wreck was located and was found to have settled in as much as 10 ft. of stiff clay. Although she had not yet been raised to date, many fine objects were brought to the surface, including an undamaged bronze 24-pounder and this fine figurehead.



MIAMI, FLORIDA. TREATMENT WITH ANTIBIOTICS FOR A NEWLY CAPTURED PORPOISE: A NEW RESIDENT OF THE SEAQUARIUM RECEIVING ATTENTION FOR ITS BRUISED SKIN. After capture the tender skin of a porpoise is usually very bruised, thus necessitating treatment with antibiotics to prevent infection. The porpoise is supported by a "hammock" while the keeper—wearing rubber equipment—paints on the antibiotics. The porpoise is then injected with penicillin.



SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN. CAUGHT BY GENERAL FRANCO IN THE BAY OF BISCAY: A SPERM WHALE HARPOONED AFTER A LONG CHASE IN THE YACHT *AZOR*. One of the favourite hobbies of General Franco is whale-hunting and in a recent expedition he caught this whale—reported to weigh from 35 to 40 tons—which he harpooned himself. The event was given much publicity in the Spanish Press.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



AT THE JEBEL AULIA DAM, NEAR KHARTOUM: THE VAST SPREAD OF WATER-HYACINTHS (*EICHORNIA CRASSIPES*) WHICH HAS COVERED TWO SQUARE MILES IN TWO MONTHS.



SUDANESE WORKERS SPRAYING THE WATER-HYACINTHS: THE SUDANESE GOVERNMENT'S ATTEMPT TO RESTRAIN THE WEED, WHICH HAS ALREADY AFFECTED NAVIGATION.

#### THE WHITE NILE, SUDAN.

Until eighteen months ago *Eichornia crassipes*, the water-hyacinth shown above, was only found in the Nile Valley, in Uganda, where it led a life of exemplary inoffensiveness. Then it was noticed by Sudanese botanists 600 miles upstream from Khartoum on its way north. This spring it reached the Jebel Aulia Dam, just below Khartoum, where in two months it has covered an area of two square miles with a vast cushion floating up to 3 ft. thick on the water, which is solid enough to walk on and which has already imprisoned a river steamer and some barges. Its chief danger is that it may form a marsh and affect the irrigation. The Sudan Government is attacking it with a chemical spray that does not wither it, so that the rising waters of the dam, whose sluices were closed on July 17, may disperse it away. It is not known how the water-hyacinth got to the Sudan, since it is not found in the intervening stages of the Nile between Lake No and Uganda.



THE LOVELY FLOWER OF *EICHORNIA CRASSIPES*, THE WATER-HYACINTH, WHICH IS NOW A SERIOUS PROBLEM IN THE SUDAN.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## WATERING THE GARDEN.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

FOR too many gardeners, watering the garden still means strolling round in the cool of the evening and making the soil look nice and dark by moistening its surface with the hose. They might just as well stroll round without it for all the good that does. At the other extreme is watering based on the calculation of irrigation need. The idea of this is, briefly and roughly, as follows: most plants grow best if their soil can be kept at what is called Field Capacity, or a little below. For fruit trees, and probably roses, there should be a slight soil moisture deficit (see below), but not more than one inch. There are two kinds of soil water: that closely associated with soil particles as a skin of moisture, and which is hardly, if at all, available to the plant roots; and free water, that is water found in the space between soil particles. Field capacity is the condition when—short of waterlogging, of course—free water is at a maximum, or rather an optimum, for there must be some room for soil atmosphere as well. In this condition there is enough water readily available to plant roots to make good leaf-transpiration losses. Whenever there is a moisture deficit, plant growth is checked; wilting occurs when that deficit is such that transpiration losses cannot be made good, but short of this extreme condition, the check, unnoticed, is often serious. In all but continuously wet summers *there is a soil moisture deficit* in most parts of Britain, and invariably in the east and south-east. Field capacity is almost never maintained *naturally* from May to September or October. This means, obviously, that the plants in our gardens are never growing as well as they could be. It is startling, but true.

The amount by which free soil water falls short of field capacity is called the soil moisture deficit and, like rainfall, it is reckoned in inches. Losses from both evaporation and transpiration are calculable for diverse kinds of surfaces and crops. We will suppose that the potential loss of soil water from your garden, due to these causes, in May, is 3 ins., which it may well be. Note that if your garden soil is correctly drained, it will never be much *above* field capacity. This would mean a 3-in. deficit by the end of May if there were no rainfall. Let us say that your rain-gauge, or the Ministry of Agriculture service, inform you, on May 31, that the month's rainfall was 1.5 ins., a normal figure. Your garden has a soil moisture deficit of 1.5 ins. And that is the amount which you must put on by irrigation to bring it back to field capacity, that is to the condition in which your plants can do their best. This 1.5 ins. is called your Irrigation Need. One inch of rain is equal to five gallons of water per square yard; to apply an inch of rain to an acre requires 22,600 gallons. That much water costs approximately £3. Not a lot of money to keep an acre of garden in optimum growing condition. Calculation of the amount of water applied is easy enough, since your garden water comes through a meter which counts in gallons.

Some years ago I was invited to inspect Mr. Roy Hay's garden in its first or second season of calculated irrigation. To say that I was impressed would be putting it mildly; I was staggered, because I had then no idea that in a summer of apparently adequate rainfall, moisture deficit is constantly checking plant growth, not to mention what happens in a dry year. Nor, come to think of it, was my surprise surprising, for we have all been taught—goodness knows why—to regard our climate as exceptionally wet. It is, in the eastern and south-eastern parts of Britain at least, on the contrary, exceptionally *dry*. A fruit-grower reader of this journal has written to me pointing out—*anent* my remarks on trying to grow "Passe Crassane" pears—that the best pears in France come from districts with a much higher rainfall than we enjoy. If you don't believe me, compare the official figures for, say, London, or Margate, or Eastbourne, with those for, say, Bordeaux, or Lyon, or the wine-growing Rhineland.

The methods of making good soil moisture deficits vary from the watering-can to diverse and elaborate "rainers." Trickle irrigation, the method whereby a large-calibre pipe with small outlets at regular short intervals supplies a constant trickle of water to the roots of plants, seems to be losing popularity to rainers—an ordinary lawn-sprinkler makes an adequate rainer in the small garden—presumably because it is now recognised that plants take in a significant proportion of their water through the leaves.

We are contemplating a complete change in the watering installation, so that we can use it to facilitate pest-control spraying and foliar manuring throughout the whole garden, flowers, shrubbery, vegetables, vines, and top-fruit and soft fruit. It is now quite cheap to lay permanent lines of plastic hose with taps at frequent intervals: the hose can be shallowly buried, or it can be carried on fences, walls, espaliers, etc. The installation will have to include a 100-gallon tank, and an electric pump drawing from it, and feeding the pipe system. With this, the whole installation costing less than £70 to deal with 3 acres, it will be possible either to connect the pipe system directly to the mains, for watering; or to the pump, for pest-control washing or for foliar manuring.

A word about this foliar manuring for those who have never heard of it: so far as I know it was first discovered by accident in certain French vineyards during the war, when supplies of copper sulphate ran out and someone suggested that since the fungus control element was the copper, copper nitrate would do just as well. This could be had because the shortage was of sulphur, not copper. It is quite easy, although fairly dangerous, to make copper nitrate at home: you put nitric acid onto waste copper and keep well out of the way until the violent action is over and does not resume when you add more copper. At all events, the result of spraying vines with copper-nitrate-lime was not only control of the fungus, but increased growth of the vines and a heavier-than-average crop. The vines were absorbing nitrogen through the leaves.

The easiest way to feed nitrogen to plants through the leaves is by using a solution of urea at one ounce to the gallon or thereabouts. Probably all the nutrients required by a plant can be got into it in the same way, but it is particularly useful in replacing trace-element deficits; the commonest deficiency disease of plants in English gardens is chlorosis: I have not found a way of dealing with this by spraying, but magnesium deficiency, also very common, is readily cured with a wash of Epsom Salts.

NOTE.—Readers interested in trying calculated irrigation should read the admirable Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Technical Bulletin No. 4, "The Calculation of Irrigation Need." (H.M. Stationery Office; 2s. 6d.)

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## A STUDY IN GREY MATTER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A QUESTION contained in a reader's letter belongs to the category known as thought-provoking. That is, it is not possible to answer it satisfactorily but the attempt to do so reveals some interesting facts. The question was put in regard to what appeared to be intelligent behaviour on the part of a chaffinch, and was expressed in this way: whether birds have large brains in proportion to their size. The broad answer is that birds have large brains relatively to the weight of the body as mammals, and both have much larger brains than reptiles or fishes. The more precise answer is that it depends on the particular bird under discussion.

This is a straightforward question and, on the face of it, should be easy enough to answer in detail, but the fact remains that none of the usual books dealing with birds makes any mention of it. Moreover, in spite of the multitudinous studies on bird behaviour, there is not one that I can recall which even hints at the possibility that it may have an importance. Perhaps it has no importance; but it would seem a rash assumption to take for granted that all birds enjoy the same amount of "grey matter."

Fortunately, there is a book, "The Handbook of Biological Data," published in America in 1956, which gives among other things a good deal of information on this subject, in the form of tabular lists. On examining these the first thing we notice is that knowledge on this particular point is available for no more than twenty-nine out of the total of bird-species known. This total cannot be stated with any kind of precision. Estimates vary from 8600 to 15,000. This discrepancy arises because some birds are regarded by one lot of authors as representing species while another group of authors will regard them as sub-species. Even if we take the conservative figure of 8600 it means that only for 3 per cent. of the known kinds of birds is the proportion of brain to body-weight known. So it must always be borne in mind that we are drawing conclusions from a very small sample.

In this "Handbook" the weight of the brain is expressed in grams per 100 grams of body-weight, the measurements having been taken while the body was still fresh. The first thing we notice is that the ostrich is at the bottom of the list with 0.03 and the canary heads the list with 4.72. Relatively, therefore, a canary has more than 150 times as much brain as an ostrich, and the chaffinch is a close relative of the canary. To accept this at its face value would, however, be misleading, as we shall see if we turn to the list of mammals. In this, the giraffe is at the bottom with 0.06 and the tiny two-toed ant-eater of South America heads the list with 4.77. Clearly, the ostrich and the giraffe, each with a long neck and long legs, are at a disadvantage in any calculation of this kind. These members would add considerably to the body-weight without necessarily needing more brain matter to keep them going.

Another point which emerges from the study of the tables is that, on the whole, the smaller the animal the larger its brain relatively to the size of the body. This is more clearly brought out in mammals than in birds. The ratios for the African elephant and the shrew, for example, are 0.08 and 1.99 respectively: and it would take unusual arguments to convince anyone that a shrew is more intelligent than an elephant. Such a disproportion merely emphasises that other factors are involved. One of these is that the relative proportions of the various parts of the brain differ in different animals, and so do the specialisations in the nerve-tissues composing them. For example, in the insectivores, which are probably the most primitive mammals living to-day, and these include the shrew, a large part of the cerebral hemispheres is given over to dealing with the sense of smell. In the higher mammals, and this would include the elephant, much more of the cerebral hemisphere is devoted to the higher nervous activities such as we normally include under the heading of "intelligence."

Another better-known feature, especially of the mammalian brain, is the increase in surface area by folding, giving rise to the convolutions of the brain. This gives greater nervous efficiency or effectiveness without involving any significant increase in the weight of the brain as a whole. Taking the elephant and the shrew again, the former has highly convoluted cerebral hemispheres, whereas those of a shrew are almost entirely without convolutions.

If we exclude the ostrich and arrange the remaining twenty-eight birds listed in the "Handbook" in order of increasing brain/body ratio the results are interesting, to say the least. Ground-nesting birds (guinea fowl, domestic fowl, pheasant and partridge) score 0.26 to 0.72. The actual figures are: guinea fowl 0.26, domestic fowl 0.42, pheasant 0.53, partridge 0.72. This suggests an approximate decrease in the ratio with size of body but, at the same time, shows that it is not consistent or significant. For other groups of related birds we have: flamingo, stork and crane (belonging to related families, and all, incidentally, with long necks and legs) score 0.49 to 0.59; goose and duck score 0.39 and 0.74 respectively; pigeon and gull are level with 0.95; birds-of-prey (including the tawny eagle, red-tailed hawk, buzzard and horned owl) score 0.59 to 1.41. After these there is a big jump to the perching birds, which score 2.76 to 4.72.

There is a quite subsidiary issue arising from this rough analysis, which concerns certain fossil reptiles. I refer to the type, such as *diplodocus* or *brontosaurus*, that was remarkable for a very long neck and tail and a very small head. Reptiles generally do not possess a high mental capacity, and this is reflected in the brain/body ratio. Whereas in mammals this ranges from 0.06 to 4.77, and in birds from 0.03 to 4.72, living reptiles score from 0.007 (alligator) to 0.95 (green snake).

It is usual to suppose that *diplodocus* and *brontosaurus* were very dull fellows indeed, with that enormous body and very small cranium. And while it is not possible ever to weigh the brain of an extinct reptile, it would be possible to estimate roughly the brain/body ratio by volume, and in this both these giant reptiles would show up badly. That would, however, be no more than do the ostrich and the giraffe, both of which have long necks even if they lack the long tail. By the same token, the elephant has no very high score in the brain/body ratio. So far as we can tell from casts taken of the inside of the skull of these giant reptiles, their brain did not differ substantially in shape from those of the general run of reptiles. It differed mainly in the relation it bore to the rest of the body. It could be on this showing, remembering the ostrich and more especially the giraffe, that the long-necked giant reptiles of the past were not so slow-witted as they are often painted.



# THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA.

## AN ALMOST DAY-BY-DAY ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE QUEEN'S ENGAGEMENTS.



JUNE 18. BOUND FOR CANADA: A WHITE, SILVER AND BLUE B.O.A.C. COMET IV JET AIRLINER AFTER TAKING OFF FROM LONDON AIRPORT IN FINE WEATHER, BEARING HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. THE QUEEN HAD NEVER BEFORE FLOWN IN A COMET IV.



JUNE 18. AFTER LANDING AT TORBAY AIRPORT, NEWFOUNDLAND, IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WALKING TO THEIR CAR WITH MR. SMALLWOOD, THE PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND, AND HIS WIFE. BEHIND THEM CAN BE SEEN THE MAYOR OF ST. JOHN'S.

### FROM LONDON TO NEWFOUNDLAND: THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON AIRPORT AND ARRIVAL IN CANADA.

The Royal tour lasted from June 18 to August 1. Three days after the arrival at St. John's the Queen went aboard *Briannia*, travelling inland to Montreal, and on June 26 she opened the St. Lawrence Seaway in an impressive ceremony. On June 28 and 29 the Queen visited Kingston and Toronto respectively and on June 30 flew to Ottawa, where she stayed at Government House. A memorable event of the tour was the visit to Chicago on July 6—illustrated in our previous number; the Royal visitors were given a tumultuous welcome by this great city. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the tour was the train

journey through the wonderful scenery of the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver and Victoria. On July 18 the Queen left by air for the Yukon, where she stayed in the gold-rush town of Whitehorse. On July 21 there began the long journey homewards—across the great provinces of Manitoba and Ontario—by air and train. After a visit to the Atlantic coast provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the Royal tour of Canada came to an end with the departure from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on August 1. Illustrations of these and other events appear on subsequent pages.



# VISITS TO A PAPER MILL AND IRON MINE; AND TO HISTORIC PLACES.



JUNE 19. WHERE GREAT FOUNTAINS OF WATER PLAY OVER MOUNTAINS OF TIMBER: A PART OF THE BOWATER PAPER MILLS AT CORNER BROOK, NEWFOUNDLAND.



JUNE 21. WHERE JACQUES CARTIER RAISED A WOODEN CROSS IN 1534: THE QUEEN BEING WELCOMED BY CHURCH REPRESENTATIVES AT THE MEMORIAL AT GASPE.

In the period between her arrival at St. John's and the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway on June 26, the Queen paid visits to a paper mill, an iron mine, and to places of historic interest. On June 19 she saw one of the largest paper and pulp mills in the world—the vast Bowater plant at Corner Brook, Newfoundland, vitally important to the province's economy. The following day she toured the open-pit iron mines at Knob Lake, Quebec. On June 21



JUNE 20. WITH HUGE MAN-MADE CLIFFS TOWERING IN THE BACKGROUND: THE QUEEN VISITING THE OPEN-PIT IRON MINES AT KNOB LAKE, QUEBEC.



JUNE 24. A COLOURFUL SCENE AT TROIS RIVIERES, THE OLDEST FRENCH-CANADIAN SETTLEMENT AFTER QUEBEC CITY: CIVIC OFFICIALS BEING RECEIVED AT THE "LE FLAMBEAU" MONUMENT.

the Royal visitors were welcomed by church dignitaries at the Jacques Cartier memorial at Gaspe. Close by, in 1534, the explorer had landed and had afterwards raised a rough wooden cross; the Queen laid a bouquet of thirty-six red roses at the base of the present granite cross. On June 24 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, now en route for Montreal in *Britannia*, visited the historic city of Trois Rivières, where they received civic officials.



# QUEBEC'S WELCOME FOR THE QUEEN: VARIED SCENES IN THE HISTORIC CITY.



JUNE 23. A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING FLOWERS FROM ONE OF THE YOUNGER PUPILS OF A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN QUEBEC CITY.



JUNE 23. WITH THE TOWERING CHATEAU FRONTENAC IN THE BACKGROUND: THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* PASSING SLOWLY UP THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER. THE ROYAL VISITORS DISEMBARKED AT WOLFE'S COVE.



JUNE 23. ON THE HISTORIC PLAINS OF ABRAHAM: THE QUEEN PRESENTED THE FAMOUS ROYAL 22ND REGIMENT—OF WHICH SHE IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF—WITH NEW COLOURS. THE REGIMENT IS KNOWN AS QUEBEC'S "VAN DOOS."



JUNE 23. A BOW FOR THE QUEEN FROM THE ROYAL 22ND REGIMENT'S MASCOT, "BATISSE": AN AMUSING SCENE DURING THE CEREMONY WHEN THE QUEEN PRESENTED NEW COLOURS.

On June 23 the Royal yacht *Britannia* sailed up the St. Lawrence River, escorted by Canadian destroyers, to Quebec. As *Britannia* docked—at Wolfe's Cove—the Royal visitors were greeted by the band and 100-man guard of honour of the Royal 22nd Regiment, the "Van Doos"—a corruption of the French *vingt-deux*. Afterwards the Queen drove to the historic Plains of Abraham, where General Wolfe had defeated Montcalm in 1759. Civic and Press representatives

were entertained on board the Royal yacht. In the afternoon, on the Plains of Abraham, Her Majesty presented new colours to Canada's crack regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief—the Royal 22nd. In the evening the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were the guests of the provincial Government of Quebec in the great Chateau Frontenac, the hotel overlooking the St. Lawrence River. After dinner the Royal visitors embarked once more in *Britannia*.





JUNE 25. MONTREAL'S TICKER-TAPE WELCOME: PART OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION SLOWLY PASSING DOWN GAILY-DECORATED ST. JAMES'S STREET.



JUNE 25. AT THE CHAMP-DE-MARS: THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL DELIVERING HIS SPEECH OF WELCOME TO HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



JUNE 26. SHORTLY BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE SEAWAY: THE ROYAL VISITORS TALKING WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER AT THE R.C.A.F. BASE AT ST. HUBERT.

## THE QUEEN AT MONTREAL: A TRADITIONAL WELCOME AND CIVIC CEREMONY.



JUNE 25. A ROYAL GREETING FOR THOUSANDS OF SCHOOLCHILDREN: THE QUEEN WAVING FROM THE DAIS AT THE DELORMIER STADIUM, MONTREAL.



JUNE 25. IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING THE TUMULTUOUS WELCOME OF THE PEOPLE OF MONTREAL.

The Royal visitors were given a rousing welcome when they visited Canada's largest city, Montreal. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh disembarked from *Britannia* at Laurier Pier. The Royal procession then made its way through the streets of the city, and was heavily showered with ticker-tape in the financial quarter. At the official welcoming ceremony at the Champ-de-Mars, the Mayor presented the Queen with a silver rose bowl, on which were

inscriptions in French and English. At the Delormier Stadium the Queen was welcomed by thousands of schoolchildren, six of whom—blind or crippled—were chosen for special presentation to her Majesty. A display of folk dancing was held, after which the Queen drove round the huge arena. In the evening a banquet and ball were held and later the Royal visitors went on board *Britannia* to sail next day through the symbolic gates of the St. Lambert Lock.



ON THE  
ST. LAWRENCE:  
THE  
ROYAL YACHT  
*BRITANNIA*  
DURING THE  
TOUR.

HER MAJESTY'S yacht *Britannia* had the appropriate task of taking the Royal party down the St. Lawrence for the joint opening of the Seaway with President Eisenhower on June 26. She is the 425th ocean-going vessel to have used the Seaway since its unofficial opening on April 25. The symbolic gates were made of old timbers from the obsolete lock of the Lachine canal; as *Britannia* passed them, it was the signal for all the church bells to ring out and the ships' hooters to sound. The charming picture of a farming couple waving to *Britannia* as she passed on her way to Montreal on June 24, shows something of the way in which the difficulties of reaching the widely-scattered population of so vast a country could be overcome.

(Right.)

JUNE 26. ENTERING THE CEREMONIAL GATES AT THE ST. LAMBERT LOCK: *BRITANNIA* AT THE OPENING OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY.



JUNE 24. A SCENE ON THE WAY TO MONTREAL: FARMERS STOPPING THEIR WORK TO WAVE TO PASSING *BRITANNIA*.



## UNVEILING THE INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP MONUMENT.



JUNE 27. THE QUEEN MAKING HER ADDRESS IN FRONT OF THE VEILED MONUMENT WHICH STANDS ON THE BOUNDARY OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.



JUNE 27. THE MONUMENT UNVEILED: WITH THE QUEEN ADMIRING THE INSCRIPTION ARE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) AND VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. NIXON (LEFT).

On June 27 the Queen was received on United States territory by Vice-President Nixon when she visited the Moses-Saunders power dam which stands 70 ft. above the St. Lawrence Seaway. Standing on the international borderline she unveiled the International Friendship Monument which bears the inscription on black granite, "This stone bears witness to the common purpose of two nations whose frontiers are the frontiers of friendship, whose ways are the

ways of freedom, and whose works are the works of peace." The dam, which has created a new source of power for northern New York State and western Ontario and caused the submerging of old towns and the building of new ones, crosses what once were the International Rapids. Work on the dam began in 1954 and it has involved the excavation of 95 million cubic yards of rock, making a head pond 28 miles long. It will have 32 generators when completed.



## AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO: A BRIGANTINE AND 1812 TROOPS.



JUNE 28. ON THE WAY BY ROYAL BARGE TO KINGSTON, ONTARIO: PASSING A BLACK BRIGANTINE-RIGGED SHIP, MANNED WITH SEA CADETS.



JUNE 28. IN FORT HENRY, KINGSTON, A RELIC OF THE 1812 WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES; WATCHING GARRISON DRILL OF THAT ERA

On leaving *Britannia* by Royal barge for Kingston, Ontario, on June 28, the Royal party was greeted by hundreds of yachts and small craft dressed gaily with flags. One of the most striking vessels was a brigantine-rigged ship with cannon and dressed overall, which was manned by local sea cadets. This aroused the special interest of the Duke of Edinburgh. At Kingston the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended evening service in the United

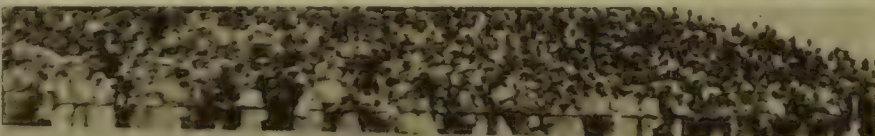
Church, whose members form Canada's largest Protestant denomination. This is believed to be the first time that the Queen has attended a Canadian church other than an Anglican one. After the service they drove to Fort Henry, which is a survival of the unfortunate 1812 war against the United States. There they watched the scene shown above, of troops dressed in the "redcoat" uniform of that period perform a display of garrison drill.



## TORONTO AND THE QUEEN: THE WATERFRONT, TICKER-TAPE AND RACING.



JUNE 29. THE MAGNIFICENT WATERFRONT OF TORONTO WHERE THE ROYAL PARTY DIS-EMBARKEED. ITS TRADE HAS GAINED CONSIDERABLY FROM THE OPENING OF THE SEAWAY.



JUNE 30. AN ECHO OF ASCOT: DRIVING ALONG THE RACECOURSE AT WOODBINE WHERE THE QUEEN ATTENDED A MEETING.



JUNE 30. THE FINISH OF THE 100TH QUEEN'S PLATE RACE WITH NEW PROVIDENCE WINNING: THE QUEEN PRESENTED THE CUP TO THE WINNER.



JUNE 29. INSPECTING THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS' REGIMENT OF WHICH SHE IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF: THE QUEEN AT TORONTO.

On their two-day visit to Toronto that started on June 29, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived on *Britannia* at the Seaway terminal on the waterfront of what is considered to be the fastest-growing city in North America. After speeches in the City Hall, there was a ticker-tape parade in sweltering heat through the city. An inspection was made of the 48th Highlanders, and a sugar refinery was visited. On June 30 Prince Philip made a speech that aroused much comment, when he told the Canadian Medical Association that Canadians were "not as fit as they might be."



JUNE 29. TICKER-TAPE FROM THE WINDOWS AND CHEERS FROM THE PAVEMENTS: THE ROUSING WELCOME GIVEN BY THE PEOPLE OF TORONTO.





A VIEW LOOKING DOWN OVER VANCOUVER, SHOWING THE MAGNIFICENT HARBOUR AND THE MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.



PART OF THE VAST STRETCHES OF MONTREAL, THE GREAT FRENCH-SPEAKING CITY, WHICH IS THE LEADING CENTRE OF CANADIAN COMMERCE.

LANDMARKS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN VISIT: WEST TO EAST, VANCOUVER AND MONTREAL.

These two great cities lie on either side of the continent, separated by thousands of miles. Montreal is the older, having been founded by French settlers in the seventeenth century, and still to-day its population is largely French-speaking with a strong sense of individuality of its own. Vancouver, on the other hand, did not come to prominence until the end

of the last century when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway opened out the possibilities of the Pacific seaboard. Its population is largely British in origin and it possesses one of the finest natural harbours in the world. Both of these cities have been visited before by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasions of their previous tours.





HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II, QUEEN OF CANADA.

*From the original portrait painted by Denis Fildes for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps of their Colonel-in-Chief.*





H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, HUSBAND OF THE QUEEN.

*Portrait by Edward I. Halliday, P.R.B.A., R.P.*





LINKING CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES: THE MAIN POWER HOUSE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY BETWEEN CORNWALL, CANADA (RIGHT), AND MASSENA, U.S.A. (LEFT). IN THE DISTANCE CAN BE SEEN THE LONG SAULT DAM. THE SEAWAY WAS OPENED BY THE QUEEN AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON JUNE 26, IN A CEREMONY THAT WAS A HIGHLIGHT OF THE CANADIAN TOUR.



OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA: SHOWING THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS FROM WHICH THE DOMINION IS GOVERNED.

SIGHTS OF THE ROYAL VISIT: OTTAWA, THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT AND THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY.

Ottawa has been the capital of Canada since 1858 and the first Parliamentary session was held there in 1865. The Government buildings stand in a magnificent position overlooking the Ottawa River. All the national art collections and archives are housed in the capital. It was chosen as a site for the Dominion's capital to avoid jealousy between the greater cities of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and Kingston. The

St. Lawrence Seaway, which was opened by the Queen and by President Eisenhower on June 26, is a mighty project which opens the interior of Canada and the northern United States in the area of the great lakes to ocean-going shipping. Although it is, in the first place, a water highway, it also is a great and new source of hydro-electric power. The power houses are situated to the west of the dam shown in our picture above.



# IN THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION: THE CEREMONIES AT OTTAWA.



JULY 1. AN INVESTITURE IN THE BALLROOM OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE: THE QUEEN PRESENTING A MEDAL FOR BRAVERY.



JULY 1. AT THE AIR FORCES MEMORIAL WHICH SHE HAD JUST UNVEILED AS PART OF THE DOMINION DAY CEREMONIES.



JULY 1. PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE CANADIAN GRENADIER GUARDS: NEW COLOURS WERE ALSO PRESENTED TO TWO OTHER REGIMENTS.



JULY 1. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH GREETING THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, MR. DIEFENBAKER, AT A GOVERNMENT HOUSE RECEPTION.

Arriving at Ottawa on June 30, the Queen was able to make her radio and television broadcast the next day, Dominion Day, from the capital itself. Dominion Day celebrates Canada's emergence as the first independent Dominion and is a national holiday. In the afternoon the Queen unveiled a memorial to the Air Forces on Green Island. The centre of the memorial is a bronze terrestrial globe surmounted by an eagle with wings outstretched. She

presented colours to the Canadian Grenadier Guards, the 48th Highlanders and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. An investiture was held at Government House where later the Queen was host at a dinner party to guests from every walk of life in Canada. They included a missionary among the Eskimos and ice-hockey players. That night the Royal party left to continue their tour of south-western Ontario.





JULY 4. LOOKING FROM CANADA INTO THE U.S.A.: THE TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS OF DETROIT ACROSS THE RIVER PROVIDE AN IMPRESSIVE BACK-CLOTH AS THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE AWAITING YACHT BRITANNIA AT WINDSOR.

### WINDSOR— A ROYAL- SOUNDING CITY.

IT was appropriate that in a city called Windsor the Queen should be driven in a car that was used by her father, King George VI, during the Royal Tour of 1939. Earlier in the day the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had passed

[Continued opposite.



JULY 4. AT WINDSOR: THE ROYAL COUPLE IN A CAR USED 20 YEARS AGO BY KING GEORGE VI.

[Continued.]

through other towns with names equally familiar: London and Chatham, the first of which lies on the Thames River and whose street-names include Cheapside and Pall Mall. One of the most impressive moments of the Royal visit to Windsor was a drive along the crowded quay-side. Alongside was the Royal yacht *Britannia*, and across the river the skyscrapers of industrial Detroit made a dramatic skyline. Large numbers of Americans had crossed the river into Canada to join the crowds that cheered the Queen as she drove to the Royal yacht to continue her journey, up the Detroit River to Lake St. Clair



## FROM CHICAGO TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: CONTRASTING SCENES ON THE TOUR.



JULY 6. ON AMERICAN TERRITORY: THE QUEEN IS GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS AS SHE STEPS ASHORE FOR HER CHICAGO VISIT.



JULY 8. WITH THE MAYOR AT SAULT STE. MARIE AFTER LEAVING CHICAGO: THE QUEEN IS GREETED BY THE HARGREAVES QUADRUPLTS.



JULY 9. ATTENDING THE ANNUAL STAMPEDE AT CALGARY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPORTS A GAY COWBOY HAT FOR THE OCCASION. THE ROYAL COUPLE AFTERWARDS WENT TO BANFF.



JULY 11. IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ENJOYED THE SCENERY AND SPENT A QUIET WEEK-END AT A FISHING CAMP.



JULY 11. AT VERNON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHERE THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP ARE SEEN TALKING TO 100-YEARS-OLD MRS. ANNE BIGLAND AND HER DAUGHTER.

During their progress up the Great Lakes in the Royal yacht *Britannia*, the Queen and the Duke paid a brief visit to Chicago. A photograph in our previous issue shows the enthusiastic welcome they received from the Americans. From there *Britannia* took them as far as Fort William, from where they flew cross-country to Calgary. There followed a series of brief visits to small towns and villages where the Royal couple were able to enjoy the magnificent scenery of Western Canada. They spent a lakeside week-end at a log lodge in the mountains, so remote that only aircraft can reach it.



WITH MR. VINCENT MASSEY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, AT PORT HOPE. THE QUEEN HAS ANNOUNCED THAT HIS SUCCESSOR WILL BE MAJOR-GENERAL VANIER. THIS MAY BE ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEM TOGETHER.



## AT VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA: THE QUEEN IN THE FAR WEST.



JULY 15. AT THE EMPIRE STADIUM, VANCOUVER: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP ACKNOWLEDGING THE WAVING OF MANY FLAGS IN THE ARENA.



JULY 17. SURROUNDED BY NURSES AND SPECTATORS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO PATIENTS AT THE VETERANS' HOSPITAL, VICTORIA.



JULY 17. A NOBLE BIRD FOR A ROYAL MASTER: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HOLDING A FALCON, ONE OF A PAIR PRESENTED TO HIM AT VICTORIA.

On July 15 the Queen arrived at the port of Vancouver, the largest city in British Columbia and Canada's province with a Pacific coastline. The Royal visitors received a great welcome when they entered New Westminster—capital of the province until 1868—and an important port. At Queen's Park Her Majesty saw children perform traditional dances; later, an unusual

salute—on anvils—was fired by men of the Ancient and Honourable Hyack Anvil Battery. The Queen afterwards opened a tunnel for motor traffic under the Fraser River. The following day the Royal visitors reached Victoria, on Vancouver Island, the capital of the province, where they stayed at the new Government House.



## FROM THE WILD YUKON TERRITORY TO A PRAIRIE CITY: VARIED SCENES.



(Left.) JULY 16. NATIVE CRAFTSMANSHIP AT NANAIMO: THE QUEEN EXAMINING WITH GREAT INTEREST A TOTEM POLE—THE WORK OF AN INDIAN CARVER—AT THE INDIAN LORE EXHIBITION.

(Right.) JULY 19. AFTER SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE AT THE TINY LOG-BUILT CATHEDRAL AT WHITEHORSE: PRINCE PHILIP—REPRESENTING THE INDISPOSED QUEEN—LEAVES THE ANGLICAN PLACE OF WORSHIP.



AFTER they had visited Vancouver Island, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh travelled northwards to Whitehorse, in the Yukon Territory. Because of fatigue, her Majesty was forced to cancel much of her programme at this stage of the tour, and the Duke of Edinburgh carried out engagements, which included Sunday morning service in the log-built cathedral at Whitehorse and then a flight of 700 miles across the mountains to Dawson City, where he visited the museum containing relics of the gold rush of 1898. On July 20 the Queen left Whitehorse by air for Edmonton, Alberta, while the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Yellowknife and Uranium City, in the remote north. On July 23 the Royal visitors attended an open-air rally at Regina, Saskatchewan, where they visited the civic buildings.

(Right.) JULY 19. THE RELICS OF THE DAYS OF THE GOLD RUSH: PRINCE PHILIP INSPECTING SOME OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE MUSEUM AT DAWSON CITY.



JULY 18. A HUNTER'S PROUD PRIZE: THE QUEEN LOOKING AT A MOOSE HEAD IN THE GOLD RUSH MUSEUM AT WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY.



JULY 23. WITH SHEAVES OF CORN BROUGHT FROM THE FIELDS: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP WITH THE MAYOR OF REGINA AND HIS WIFE, AT THE OPEN-AIR RALLY AT TAYLOR FIELD.



JULY 23. A GIFT FOR PRINCE CHARLES: A NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY HANDING A BASEBALL AND BAT TO THE QUEEN AT REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN.





JULY 24. THE GOVERNOR OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY PRESENTING THE RENT OF TWO BEAVER SKINS AND TWO ELK HEADS AT WINNIPEG.

## SCENES FROM THE CLOSING OF THE TOUR: WINNIPEG TO NOVA SCOTIA.



JULY 25. ABOUT TO MAKE A 1000-FT. DESCENT IN A MINE ELEVATOR: THE QUEEN IN A NICKEL MINE IN SUDBURY, ONTARIO, SURROUNDED BY OFFICIALS OF THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY.



AUGUST 1. AT A STATE DINNER AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, TO MARK THE END OF THE TOUR: THE QUEEN MAKING HER SPEECH.



JULY 25. DRESSED IN A MINER'S HELMET AND PLASTIC COAT: THE QUEEN PREPARED FOR THE SUDBURY NICKEL MINE.



AUGUST 1. THE QUEEN TALKING TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN MARITIME MUSEUM AT NOVA SCOTIA, TO WHICH SHE HAD JUST GIVEN QUEEN VICTORIA'S ROYAL BARGE.



AUGUST 1. A FAREWELL PICTURE AT THE END OF THE TOUR: THE QUEEN WITH THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, MR. DIEFENBAKER.

As the Royal tour of Canada drew to its close, there were still many points of interest and fascination left to see. At Winnipeg on July 24 the Governor of Hudson's Bay Company presented the Queen with the rent demanded by Charles II's Charter of 1670, should any of his successors visit the territory, two black beaver skins and two elk heads. From Winnipeg the Queen flew to Sudbury, Ontario, where she paid a visit to the Froid mine of the

International Nickel Company. She wore a miner's helmet and carried a flash-lamp for her inspection of the 1000-ft. working galleries. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on August 1 the Queen presented Queen Victoria's Royal Barge to the Canadian National Maritime Museum; later there was a State dinner to mark the conclusion of the 45-day tour. Instead of returning by *Britannia* the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Canada by *Comet* that night.





WAITING TO INSPECT THE ROYAL GUARD OF HONOUR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT BALLATER, AT THE BEGINNING OF THEIR WELL-EARNED SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN SCOTLAND.

## AFTER THE TOUR OF CANADA: THE ROYAL FAMILY ON HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.

ONLY a few days after returning from their 45-day tour of Canada, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh travelled by the Royal train to Scotland on August 6 to begin a well-earned holiday at Balmoral. They travelled with their two children, the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne. The Queen Mother, who was to have flown to Scotland, made the journey by rail seventeen minutes after the Queen had left Euston Station. Thus two Royal trains in quick succession ran north on the same track as far as Perth. Princess Margaret was staying in London, and was due to join the Royal party about a week later. Probably because of the recent announcement that the Queen is expecting another child early next year, there was an even greater number of tourists than usual in the area of Balmoral. Many of them gathered outside Crathie Church, near Balmoral, on August 9, in order to see her; but the customary drive from the Castle to the church was cancelled, and instead the Domestic Chaplain conducted a short service in the Castle itself. It was explained that "the Queen wants to have a complete rest." Following the announcement of the forthcoming birth, congratulatory letters and telegrams have been pouring into the small village post office at Crathie.



ABOUT TO BOARD THE TRAIN WHICH TOOK THEM TO SCOTLAND FOR THEIR SUMMER HOLIDAYS AT BALMORAL: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ANNE FOLLOWING BEHIND THE QUEEN WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY'S PET CORGIS.



## IN THE DAYS OF "OLD BUDDHA."

"THE SIEGE AT PEKING." By PETER FLEMING.\*

An Appreciation by Sir Charles Petrie.

THIS book can be safely recommended to all lovers of "Alice in Wonderland" and admirers of the works of the late George Birmingham; indeed, the only difference between it and, say, "Spanish Gold" is that Mr. Fleming is writing fact while Canon Hannay was writing fiction, while as for the distinction between the Dowager Empress of China and the Red Queen it is definitely one without a difference at all. Yet the fantastic events narrated in these pages occurred less than two generations ago, and survivors of them are still regularly to be met in West End clubs.

Mr. Fleming has little sympathy either with the Chinese or with the Western Powers, and his objectivity renders his narrative the more valuable. There was a hypocrisy on both sides which would be positively nauseating were it not so intensely amusing, and it is certainly unparalleled in the modern history of relations between Europe and Asia. The process of the exploitation of China was begun, it must be admitted, by Great Britain in the Opium War, "by any standards a discreditable affair" as the author rightly observes, of 1840-1842, with the result that "Europe had got a toe in the door which had been closed against her for so long."

For the rest of the 19th century the scramble for concessions and territory in China went on unabated, and it was even accentuated during the last decade when the carving-up of Africa having been completed the European Powers were in a position to turn their almost undivided attention to the Far East; by this time, too, Japan had become an additional vulture.

Throughout the period the outstanding figure on the Chinese side was the Dowager Empress, Tzu Hsi. Of late years there has been considerable controversy regarding her relative wickedness and ability, and Mr. Fleming seems to be in some doubt whether she was as able as she was wicked. He asks, quite pertinently, why she egged on the Boxers to murder Europeans when she must have known that retribution would be sure.

It is, however, at least possible that she was more immediately frightened of the Boxers than of the European Powers. She well remembered how the Taepings had come within an ace of toppling the Manchus off the throne, as the Manchus had toppled the Mings, and history might repeat itself. The Boxers had, fortunately, no "Heavenly King" to lead them, so by conniving at their activities she prevented the movement from becoming anti-dynastic. After all, if they got out of hand, perhaps the West would lend her a Gordon to restore the situation. If she argued along these lines, as she may well have done, there is the answer to the author's question. The real tragedy of modern China has always seemed to me to be that the British Government of the day prevented the Taepings from supplanting the Manchus, who had clearly outlived their usefulness by the middle of the 19th century. It was time for a change of dynasty, and in the normal circumstances of Chinese history this would have taken place. Britain interfered from motives of mistaken self-interest, just as Japan was to do when she prevented Yüan Shih-Kai from founding a new dynasty in 1917. Both are now paying the price, and are learning the truth of the old Mongol saying, "When the White Tsar is no more, and the Son of Heaven has vanished, then the camp-fires of Genghis-Khan will be seen again, and his empire will stretch over the earth."

When we arrive at the chapters dealing with the actual happenings in Peking that summer of 1900 we are continually being bandied about between tragedy and comedy. There were some pretty ghastly murders, often preceded by exquisite torture; for example, a messenger sent out from the Peitang in the early days "was skinned alive before being decapitated; his skin and his poor ravaged head were displayed like a scarecrow before the main gate." Yet in the Legations two miles away when the relieving force at last arrived it was to find Miss Polly Condit Smith debating with her lady's-maid whether or not the moment was a propitious one to take a bath. The outside world may have thought, and the besieged probably deluded themselves into believing, that it was the defence of the Residency at Lucknow over again, but Mr. Fleming shows us that the difference between them was as that between chalk and cheese.

Yet there was a comparison between the Indian Mutiny and the Boxer Rising and it lay in the utter lack of prescience on the part of the resident Europeans. Downing Street was equally complacent, and the only person who seems to have scented the coming storm was Queen Victoria herself in far-off Balmoral: at any rate after studying two by no means alarmist messages from Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Minister in China, she sent a cypher telegram to Lord Salisbury, "Situation looks very serious. Trust at all events we shall display no apathy." Three days later the old lady repeated the warning, only to be told that "Russia, not China, seems to me the greatest danger at the moment." Within a week the last telegraphic link with the Chinese capital had been cut.

Had the enemy shown more initiative in the campaign the Legations could not have held out. The author's explanation is that the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, Jung Lu, disapproved of the operation with which he had been entrusted, and so made no really serious attempt to capture the Legations, for he knew that the repercussions in Europe of the massacre of their inhabitants, which he would be unable to prevent, might easily be the end of Chinese independence. Mr. Fleming may well be right: at any rate the attacks were never pressed home, and much of the Chinese artillery was never even brought into action.

The height of comedy was reached when the time came to punish what to-day we should describe as the war-criminals. The chief of them, the Dowager Empress, was omitted from the list altogether, and it was probably her surprise at this which prompted her to display the greatest zeal in eliminating her accomplices before the victors had any second thoughts; orders to commit suicide, always couched in the most polite terms, were broadcast.

It is curious to reflect that had the events so vividly and so admirably described by Mr. Fleming in these pages taken place in 1959 instead of in 1900 the result in all probability would have been very different. The diplomatists in the Legations would have learnt by wireless of the failure of the first attempt to relieve them, and having all received a military training in one or both of the world wars they would have at once realised the hopelessness of their position: they would then have surrendered upon terms which would not have been kept, and they would all have been massacred. Sometimes ignorance is bliss, and this was one of them.

\* "The Siege at Peking." By Peter Fleming. Illustrated. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 25s.)

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

"A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND." By NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI.\*

An Appreciation by Sir Charles Petrie.

THE genesis of this book is almost as interesting as the book itself. Its author is a Hindu who has made a profound study of every aspect of English life—Ireland, Scotland, and Wales would appear to have passed him by—and who has contributed articles to a number of English periodicals, in particular to the now defunct *New English Review*. Yet it was not until 1955, at the mature age of fifty-seven, that he paid his first visit to England sponsored by the B.B.C. with the co-operation of the British Council. His account, therefore, of what he saw is no record of first impressions, but rather of old impressions, based on what he had read down the years, corrected by the first-hand experience which came his way during his five weeks in England.

The first surprise for Mr. Chaudhuri was that in spite of all he had heard and read about a social revolution since the Second World War he noticed "the continuity more than the break." Indeed, he goes so far as to say that a great deal of this impression of a changed England is due to the English themselves, for "there is no other nation which has shown greater energy in publicising its ills, or done this more effectively."

Like so many foreigners he comments on the silence of the English in public places, and he is puzzled by it. On his own showing Mr. Chaudhuri mixed almost exclusively among the upper and upper-middle class, and the reason why the members of those classes are so tongue-tied in the circumstances he describes is surely that they are frightened of finding themselves landed with a bore. Many a man in a train from Paddington, for example, would open up a conversation with his neighbour on the off chance, were he certain that neighbour was going no further than Reading, but the risk that he may be travelling to Exeter or Plymouth is too great, so silence remains unbroken. Mr. Chaudhuri's fellow-countrymen are either more adventurous or more tolerant.

Although the author points out that he is neither a politician nor interested in politics, the few pages which he does devote to the subject could not be better, even though they may not meet with universal approval:

The English have lost, not only their political ambitions, but also the greater part of their zest in politics. The only people who seem to be capable of working themselves up to a state of excitement over politics are the politicians themselves, whose personal and party interests are involved.

Indeed apathy seemed to the author to be the keynote of English civilisation at the present time, and not only where domestic affairs are concerned. The equal detachment with which the British Empire was acquired and lost is a source of fascination for him, and it prompts him to a very shrewd observation:

I have never read about any people who have been so happy to lose an empire and so ready to think that the loss is really a great gain. That simply shows that in spite of having created the greatest empire that history has seen, the English people never had any real understanding of empires. Those who have do not lose them in less than two hundred years. Consider the Russians, for instance. They and the English started their respective imperial enterprises at about the same epoch; but while the British Empire has disappeared, the Russian is still going strong, and despite the gabble and din about ending European colonialism, not one man in Asia raises his voice for the liberation of the largest number of Asiatics still under White rule. The truth is that only dying empires are kicked, living ones never.

Mr. Chaudhuri is puzzled by the English attitude towards politics, both domestic and foreign, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that his bewilderment is due to the fact that he has not made sufficient allowance for the two world wars. He expected to find much greater differences between the England about which he had read and the England which he found, and not having discovered these sweeping changes he seems to conclude that there are very few changes at all. In effect, though he has allowed for the material transformation of England as a result of the two wars, he has made no allowance for the moral, which is not so easy to detect. He appreciates that the country is poorer, but not that it is now disillusioned as well.

Where youth is concerned the author goes rather far astray, especially when he commits himself to the proposition that "even the most rebellious young men acquire a formidable range of inhibitions from their elders." He also quotes his son, who we are told is at an English university, as saying that the respective merits of Chartres and St. Paul's Cathedrals would not be a normal topic of conversation in England. This is to look at modern youth as if it were unchanged since the days of Kipling when the "hearty" held sway in the schools and universities. If Mr. Chaudhuri had had time to dig a little deeper he would have found that thirty-five is roughly the dividing-line in England to-day. The vast majority of those who are above or below that age view the same things very differently.

As for his comparison between the British and Russian Empires, surely he has only told part of the story. Both were created by monarchs and oligarchs; Russia is still an oligarchy, and she still has an empire; Britain has become a democracy, and she seems to be demonstrating the truth of Cleon's remark that a democracy cannot govern an empire. Only a small section of the English people made the British Empire, so Mr. Chaudhuri need not be surprised that the vast mass of the English people are quite unconcerned at its loss. It would be difficult to imagine Mr. Macmillan going to a conference with Mr. Khrushchev against a background of London singing "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do."

This is not to say that Mr. Chaudhuri's book is superficial—far from it, and the fact that many things have escaped the notice of so acute and well-informed an observer in itself gives food for thought. Above all, his mastery of the English language is one of the book's most attractive features:

With the exception of the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall itself is stodgy. Indeed so successful was it in giving a consistent and thoroughgoing impression of heaviness that I had some difficulty in finding its famous architectural masterpiece. I over-looked it completely, going down from Trafalgar Square towards Westminster, and, feeling very ashamed, walked up again, noting every building until I came upon it. But from the bridge in the park Whitehall looked transformed. It became capable of suggesting not only the château of Chambord... but even the Kremlin. It looked so dreamy, aerial and exotic that it was not difficult to imagine that Ivan the Terrible, or his latterday successor, Stalin the Terrible, was ruling from it.

This passage is typical of an artist's which runs through the whole book, and provides an additional reason why it should be read.

\* "A Passage to England." By Nirad C. Chaudhuri. (Macmillan; 18s.)



## A GUEST OF THE QUEEN: DR. NKRUMAH AT BALMORAL.



THE ROYAL FAMILY AND DR. KWAME NKRUMAH, THE PRIME MINISTER OF GHANA, AT BALMORAL: DR. NKRUMAH WAS STAYING WITH THE QUEEN TO DISCUSS ARRANGEMENTS FOR A FUTURE TOUR OF GHANA.



WALKING ON THE TERRACE AT BALMORAL: ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT DR. NKRUMAH WAS MADE A PRIVY COUNCILLOR BY THE QUEEN.



SHAKING HANDS WITH PRINCESS ANNE: DR. NKRUMAH ANNOUNCED LATER THAT THE QUEEN WOULD PROBABLY VISIT GHANA IN THE EARLY PART OF 1961.

The cancellation of the Queen's engagements, that was announced together with the news of her pregnancy, has caused the postponement of her proposed visit to Ghana this autumn. Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of Ghana, was invited by the Queen, as a result of this, to stay at Balmoral to discuss the future possible arrangements for a tour. He arrived in London on August 10, where he was welcomed by crowds of Ghanaians who had been waiting in the rain for hours due to a hold-up on the flight, and he had luncheon

at Downing Street with Mr. Macmillan. There were also informal discussions. He then flew to Aberdeen for his stay at Balmoral. At a Privy Council meeting held at the Castle Dr. Nkrumah made affirmation as a Privy Councillor; he is thus the fifth Commonwealth Prime Minister to become a Privy Councillor. He announced at Aberdeen before his return to London on August 12 that he hoped to arrange for a short visit by the Duke of Edinburgh to Ghana this autumn and that the Queen intended to go there in the early part of 1961.



## PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED A DIRECTOR OF SOTHEY'S:  
MR. JOHN RICKETT.

Mr. John Rickett, who at twenty-nine has become the youngest member of the board of Sotheby's, has been on their staff for six years. A specialist in pictures, he will conduct his first sale in October, when the salerooms reopen.



SEEN ON HIS EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY: MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, THE WELL-KNOWN INTERPRETER OF CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS AND SHAKESPEARE. A testimonial fund is to be launched to help this famous actor who himself did much for charity. Mr. Williams has for many years delighted and charmed audiences with his skilful portrayal of characters from Dickens.



CROWN BARD OF WALES: MR. TOM HUWS IN HIS CEREMONIAL DRESS.

Mr. Huws, a schoolmaster, has caused much controversy over his resignation from the Eisteddfod committee for 1960 because of a majority decision to invite the Queen. Mr. Huws considers that the Queen's presence would violate the all-Welsh language rule.



A HERO OF THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC: THE LATE FLEET ADMIRAL W. F. HALSEY. Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, who died on August 16, aged seventy-six, commanded the American Third Fleet in the Pacific from 1944 until the end of the war. Admiral Halsey was known for his "hit-and-run" tactics and was renowned for his leadership.



ROYAL COLONELS-IN-CHIEF AT THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF MINDEN: THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT GUILDHALL.

The colonels of regiments and other officers were (l. to r.): Brig. Bamford, XX The Lancashire Fusiliers; Maj.-Gen. Scott-Elliot, K.O.S.B.; Brig. Browne, The Royal Hampshire Regt.; Maj.-Gen. de Fonblanque, R.A.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harold Redman, K.O.Y.L.I.; Gen. Sir Cameron Nicholson (Master Gunner); Gen. Sir Hugh Stockwell, The Royal Welch Fusiliers; Brig. Maxwell, The Suffolk Regt.



PRINCE CHARLES' NEW TUTOR IN FRENCH: LIEUTENANT JEAN LAJEUNESSE.

For a part of his holiday this summer at Balmoral Prince Charles will be taught French by Lieutenant Jean Lajeunesse, a French-Canadian army officer of the 1st Battalion, The Royal XXième Regiment. Lieutenant Lajeunesse is twenty-seven and is unmarried.



FIRST TO SWIM THE LENGTH OF LOCH LOMOND: COMMANDER GERALD FORSBERG. Commander Forsberg, seen holding the cup awarded after his great feat, became, on August 2, the first man to swim the length—24 miles—of Loch Lomond. An expert long-distance swimmer, Commander Forsberg covered the distance in 15 hours 31 minutes and 9.8 seconds.



A DISTINGUISHED HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR: THE LATE MR. PRESTON STURGES.

Mr. Preston Sturges died on August 6 aged sixty. During the earlier part of his career he wrote scripts for such films as *Haywire Hotel* and *The Great McGinty*, an exposure of crooked politics in a small town. His best films were perhaps *The Lady Eve* and *Unfaithfully Yours*.



IN LONDON TO DISCUSS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S VISIT: MR. HAGERTY.

On August 14 Mr. James Hagerty, the President's Press Secretary, arrived in London to discuss arrangements for the forthcoming visit. Mr. Hagerty, who has been visiting Western capitals, had flown from Paris, where he had talks at the Elysée Palace.



FOUNDER OF THE ITALIAN CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC PARTY: THE LATE DON STURZO. Don Luigi Sturzo, who died in Rome on August 8 at the age of eighty-seven, was the acknowledged founder of the Italian Christian Democratic Party and a leading figure in Italian politics. Don Sturzo was well known for his political and sociological writings.





A CHARMING AND THOUGHTFUL PORTRAIT : PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT JUST BEFORE HER TOUR OF AUSTRALIA.

Princess Alexandra of Kent left London by *Comet* on Saturday, August 8, on her journey to Australia. This is the first overseas tour that the Princess will have carried out on her own. It involves a journey right round the world, covering 35,000 miles, and the Princess will not be back in this country until the beginning of October. She was seen off at London Airport by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and by her younger brother, Prince Michael. The route planned takes her first to Victoria, B.C., where she has a three-day break,

and then on to Canberra by way of Honolulu and Fiji. Three of the six weeks that she is due to spend in Australia will be given to Queensland, which is celebrating its centenary this year. Queensland, which comprises the whole north-eastern portion of the Australian continent, was formed into a separate colony in 1859. The Premier, Mr. Nicklin, has given assurances that the tour will not be too arduous. This portrait is by the celebrated photographer Mr. Cecil Beaton.



## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

### TRULY RURAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE been staying for two weeks in the still remote coastal region where I was bred, and which for nine or ten months in the year remains pleasantly "undiscovered." Much of it is undiscovered even at high summer, for the gregarious flock resolutely down the given road to a Place of Interest (see map), and return up the same road without giving a thought to the magnificent and relatively untrodden country almost within a pebble-throw.

In spite of television and all the rest of it, the village people have not changed much. They have long known how to be summer hosts; during other seasons they carry on with village life as it has been traditionally lived. You will not find among them many of the inarticulate country-folk Arnold Wesker seeks to present in the play (now at the Duke of York's) that he calls, maybe rightly but with an odd lack of invitation, "Roots." But Mr. Wesker's people can be found away from the holiday trails, in villages where there is nothing to attract the tourist—just the deeper country. I can think of one not so far from here, and a long way from the East Anglia where Mr. Wesker sets his scene, in which these fictional types would have their truthful counterparts.

The dramatist is trying to show, at a time when the horrors of a "rootless society" are often debated, that some of the roots we prize without considering them too closely need to be grubbed up at once. I have not explored the farther areas of Norfolk, but we need not suppose that Mr. Wesker is talking explicitly of one county, one area: I imagine that he chose Norfolk because he worked there for sixteen months. One of his main characters does not appear: the semi-intellectual fiancé who, for all his pretence, has had so great an influence upon the young Norfolk girl: the dramatist has been wise to keep the fellow off-stage, for we know him by suggestion as clearly as we should if he were brought before us, and nothing could be more theatrically telling in its fashion than the tea-party on that wet Saturday afternoon in the wilds when the family, waiting for the visit of the master-mind from London, assembles in the labourer's cottage.

Beatie's family has no wish to ask questions. It merely exists, refusing any invitation to adventure, ready to slummock along in a day-by-day dreariness that never occurs to anyone as being dreary. When the girl returns to Norfolk, primed with the ideas of the London man who is coming to meet the family, she cannot say why the world has grown exciting; at heart she cannot explain to herself. Our sympathy with her frustration increases the effect of the sudden revelation when the girl realises that she has begun to think for herself, that though her family may be in the mud, she has seen the stars. It is a contentious, exhilarating piece from the theatre of ideas: one, I agree, to annoy those who cannot believe that Mr. Wesker's earth-crusted families exist, and those who will regret both his naturalism and his repetitive dialogue. His resolute naturalism can be a bit tiresome, for example a first-act passage of messy "local colour" that is a pointless Cold Comfort decoration. But the verbal repetitions seem to me to be well judged, and as satisfying in their way as C. K. Munro's used to be in moderation, though Mr. Wesker never goes to Munro's lengths.

The acting, by the original cast from the Belgrade, Coventry, is in key, Joan Plowright's especially as the girl with the budding mind. And if the accents are a rum mixture—well, we know that stage Mummerset has had a long and cheerful innings, and this is in the vein.

I would not swear to the accents of the hard-handed men in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Open Air Theatre; I can say at least that they are not Athenian, and who will complain of that? Certainly I shall not. The mooncast Mechanicals are simply Shakespearian rustics, and for me the forest is forever Arden. We must be happy that the summer has allowed Robert Atkins fair play for once. It is probably dangerous to write this because, for all I know, by the time it appears in print, the air will have been washed and the nine men's morris filled up with mud. But I hope for the better; and early in the run, there were long, hot afternoons and silvered nights for the tripartite fantasy—too cumbersome a phrase for gossamer—that makes the loveliest pastoral of them all. It is done in "the Park" very simply, without any kind of trick, and with some good fresh invention in the Pyramus and Thisbe interlude where Mr. Atkins himself is a most redoubtable Pyramus. I found it heartening to sit on the edge of that vast packed arena on a night of summer while brightness fell from the air and the stage was touched with the world's most endearing moonshine. Shakespeare does speak for himself: some of our most anxious directors might take note of it.

We go rural now and then (but more often we are determinedly urban) in "One to Another," the revue at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, which is too off-beat for comfort. Remembering it less clearly than I should (in itself a doubtful recommendation) I will not do more than recall the gusto of Beryl Reid. This cantering comedienne has an agreeable bright-eyed swagger of her own; but I think, even so, that the material needs an exceptionally strong personality to hold it together, and Miss Reid, in retrospect, has not maybe that final clinching power. But she can be very funny in such a socially embarrassing matter as a sketch by Bamber Gascoigne in which she gets her finger nipped in a valuable vase; in a pelting flamenco burlesque that has welcome breadth and absurdity; and as a waitress with an enviable imagination supplied by John Mortimer. But I wish I knew more clearly now what some of the programme titles mean: little is so challenging to the memory as the "dead" programme of a revue.

The programme of "The Ring of Truth" (Savoy), Wynyard Browne's wittily inventive play which I mentioned last week, is far from dead: the sparks flash from it. I mention it again, in the present context, because the action takes place in "the sitting-room of a house in the country"—true, "not far from a large manufacturing town," but still the country. And goings-on in the village (which we do not see) appear to me to be most persuasively indicated, as we should expect from so accurate a craftsman as Wynyard Browne. The policeman, the Pole and his English wife—this is clearly the right atmosphere. Incidentally, I cannot help wondering what Mr. Browne, with his own intimate knowledge of Norfolk, feels about "Roots."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KING LEAR" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Charles Laughton as the King in a production by Glen Byam Shaw, his last play during his distinguished directorate of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. (August 18.)

"QUARTET FOR FIVE" (Arts).—Marc Camoletti's play, "La Bonne Anna," in a version directed by Clifford Williams. (August 19.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT AT THE TATE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE annual homage of the Thomas Coram Foundation to Handel took the form this year of a performance of "Judas Maccabæus," and it so happens that when on the following day I went to the Tate Gallery to see the Arts Council Exhibition entitled "The Romantic Movement," I had that magnificently uninhibited music ringing in my ears and also some very odd words, notably:

Pious orgies, pious airs,  
Decent sorrow, decent prayers

—a verse which seems to me to epitomise the tidy, sedate self-assurance of the early 18th century remarkably well.

As Sir Kenneth Clark puts it in his introduction to the catalogue: "About the year 1780, the neat, serviceable box in which the eighteenth century had attempted to pack away all human endeavour began to show signs of cracking." The exhibition provides the visual evidence of what was first of all a literary movement and in some sense a matter of scientific curiosity; a point worth making, for I would be prepared to argue that, say Laplace and Herschel were at least as great romantics as Byron and Wordsworth. But whether you look upon Jean-Jacques Rousseau as the fount and origin of all this ferment of ideas or persuade yourself that there was an even richer romanticism among the Elizabethans or, going further back still, among Chaucer's contemporaries, the theme of this exhibition provides a marvellous opportunity of bringing together a most diverse collection, mostly paintings, some of them very great masterpieces indeed, others so banal as to leave one speechless.

Among the former must be mentioned Crome's splendid "The Slate Quarries," several Turners and a whole room of Constables, all famous and more stimulating every time one sees them—and that very great romantic picture, Delacroix's "Massacre at Chios," lent by the Louvre. At the other extreme, in a room devoted to Satire and Horror, that silly fellow Fuseli tries to make our flesh creep (one or two of our contemporaries make similar attempts to-day), while there is even a contribution from the Wiertz Museum in Brussels, the hair-raising painting of 1854 by Antoine Wiertz called "Buried Alive," in which a cholera victim is raising the lid of his coffin. No less banal to my mind, are various tame German imitations of Italian Renaissance paintings and Joseph Severn's canvas "Shelley in Rome."

There is the "Cult of the Hero," the most notable example of which is the Louvre's "Napoleon Crossing the Bridge at Arcola," by Baron Gros, who was so noisy an advertising agent for the Napoleonic régime, and the superb portrait of Count Potocki, lent by Warsaw, by David, whose gifts were so much greater; am I right, though, that both horse and rider are merely Rubens and Van Dyck translated into the language of a new world? Here I must again quote: "The Romantic Movement, as defined for the purposes of this exhibition, dates from about 1780 to 1848. But there have been Romantics before and after their time. The Emperor Hadrian was a complete and perfect example; so, of course, were the men of the 15th century who looked with such enamoured eyes at the ruins of antiquity. . . . In this exhibition an attempt has been made to suggest some of the precursors of Romantic Art who also had a positive influence on the painters of the 19th century. This section is necessarily incomplete; it should contain Giorgione's 'Fête Champêtre' and Rembrandt's 'Mill' and one of Rubens' stormy landscapes."

As it is, the first room provides us with a wonderfully choice little collection of those precursors—seven of them—all the more interesting because they are by no means familiar examples. There is that Giorgione gem belonging to Lord Northampton—"A Girl and a Soldier"; Lord Leicester's Claude "Perseus or the Origin of Coral"; the quiet serenity of the Southampton Art Gallery's landscape by Gaspar Poussin; a Salvador Rosa from Richmond, Virginia; a Rubens' version of one of the great romances of antiquity—the story of Hero and Leander; a storm at sea by Jacob Ruisdael—all of them admirably composed overtures to the sometimes wild and strident, mostly richly orchestrated music that follows.

A plan of the rooms thoughtfully provides a means by which the visitor, who would otherwise be taken aback by so much that is at first sight incompatible with its neighbours, is enabled to tidy up his mind—"Images of Power," for example; the next room "Nationalism and the Cult of the Hero"; the next "Heroism and Liberty." By no means all the ideas of the age were particularly edifying or even interesting; by no means all the paintings which, however palely, reflect those ideas are particularly arresting. The giants remain their magnificent selves—what a profoundly moving and subtle portrait, for example, is Goya's "Don Ramon Satue," lent by the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. And, comparing two contemporaries, each of them indubitably big, what an extraordinary difference in approach, in temperament, in character generally, between Goya and David as seen in these two paintings, the sombre introvert, the gay extrovert—yet each comes quite legitimately within the ambit of the Romantic Movement, just as does Gray's "Elegy" and Wordsworth's "Excursion" and Byron's "Don Juan."

As for the little men, one is tempted to concentrate upon a whole gallery of early 19th-century unknown German painters—mannered, pedantic and sentimental—and to be mildly amused and condescending; but if we take the trouble, we shall be able to call to mind many of our own artists, not yet wholly forgotten, who were no less earnest if rather less skilful than Casper David Friedrich, who is worthily represented by fourteen canvases and who surely exercised a great influence upon not only his own people but upon early Victorian England.

But there is no end to the enjoyment to be derived from this cleverly chosen exhibition; and if, to some minds, the theme itself may sound a trifle academic, it has so many variations that he is captious indeed who cannot find at least one of them of absorbing interest. There is a fascinating section devoted to "Wild Animals and the Cult of the Exotic" wherein one can compare the respective merits of Stubbs and Géricault as horse-painters and see such diverse confections as the "Lion Hunt" of Delacroix, lent by Boston, and one of those coldly perfect nudes by Ingres which the conventions of the time caused him to place in a harem. (Other photographs of "The Romantic Movement" Exhibition are to be found on the facing page.)



# THE AGE OF LAVISH EMOTION: "THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT" AT THE TATE.



(Left.)  
"THE BURNING OF  
THE HOUSES OF PAR-  
LIAMENT," BY J. M. W.  
TURNER (1775-1851):  
A PAINTING OF  
ASTONISHING SPLEN-  
DOUR AND BRILLI-  
ANCE.  
(Oil on canvas: 36½ by  
48½ ins.)  
(Lent by the Cleveland,  
Ohio, Museum of Art.)



(Right.)  
"DON RAMON SATUE,"  
BY F. DE GOYA Y  
LUCIENTES (1746-1828):  
A SUPERB PORTRAIT  
BY THIS SPANISH  
MASTER.  
(Oil on canvas: 42 by  
33 ins.)  
(Lent by the Rijks-  
museum, Amsterdam.)

THE large and imagina-  
tively-displayed exhibi-  
tion, "The Romantic  
Movement," at the Tate  
Gallery, London, remains  
open until September 27.  
A subsidiary part of it,  
showing water-colours,  
drawings, books, etc., is on  
view at the same time at  
the Arts Council, St. James's  
Square. In all there are  
nearly 1000 exhibits, and a  
large part of the Tate has  
been completely reorganised  
to hold them. Emphasis  
has rightly been laid on the  
various themes which  
romantic painters, sculp-  
tors and writers alike  
tended to use, and each of  
the nineteen different gal-  
leries and rooms are de-  
voted to one aspect of  
romantic art: the pastoral,  
[Continued below.]



(Right.)  
"EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF  
STANISLAS-KOSTKA POTOCKI,"  
BY J.-L. DAVID (1748-1825): A  
MAGNIFICENT HEROIC PAINTING.  
(Oil on canvas: 119½ by 85½ ins.)  
(Lent by the Museum Narodowe w  
Warszawie, Warsaw.)



"MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTERS," BY G. ROMNEY (1734-1802): A DRAMATIC  
STUDY IN TYRANNY AND SUBSERVIENCE, HARDLY KIND TO MILTON.  
(Oil on canvas: 76½ by 81½ ins.) (Lent by Major Simon Whitbread.)



"WHITE HORSE FRIGHTENED BY A LION," BY G. STUBBS (1724-1806).  
(Oil on canvas: 40 by 50½ ins.) (Lent by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)



"SCENES FROM THE MASSACRE AT CHIOS," BY E. DELACROIX (1798-1863): AN ENORMOUS  
TOUR-DE-FORCE. (Oil on canvas: 175½ by 166½ ins.) (Lent by the Musée du Louvre.)

Continued.] the cult of the hero, liberty, satire and horror, and many others.  
By no means all the works on view are particularly good the exhibition  
would not be faithful to its theme if they were: indeed, one may be forced to

wonder at some of the flights of fancy which passed under the name of serious  
art. Yet there is a wealth of fine things; principally the Constables, the Delacroix,  
the Goyas and the Turners. (Frank Davis's article is on the facing page.)



## SOME NEW SHIPS AND A JETTY.



BEING TOWED THROUGH THE ENGLISH CHANNEL ON ITS WAY TO THE ARABIAN GULF: A JETTY INTENDED AS A DEEP-WATER TERMINAL FOR OIL-TANKERS.

This new jetty, which was built on Tyneside, is seen at the beginning of its 7000-mile journey to the Arabian Gulf where it will be set up as a deep-water terminal for 65,000-ton tankers. It was built for the Basrah Petroleum Company of Iran.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FASTEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD: H.M.S. BRAVE BORDERER, THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF FAST PATROL BOATS.

H.M.S. *Brave Borderer*, which is believed to be the fastest warship in the world to-day, in her preliminary trials exceeded a speed of 50 knots. She is shown here at speed during a trial in the Channel. A sister ship, H.M.S. *Brave Swordsman*, is also due to begin sea trials shortly.



A NEW FLAGSHIP MAKING HER TRIALS IN WEYMOUTH BAY: THE S.S. ROTTERDAM, WHICH WILL MAKE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON SEPTEMBER 4.

The new Holland-America Line flagship S.S. *Rotterdam* (38,000 tons), which is the largest passenger liner to be built in Holland, has several unusual features, one of which can be seen here in the twin-exhaust outlets which replace the traditional funnel. Another is that her most interesting parts can be seen by both class passengers without contact between them.

## NEW PREMISES FOR A LONDON CLUB.

THE Bath Club, which had its first home in Dover Street destroyed by fire in 1941, has now had to move from its premises in St. James's Street where it had gone, on amalgamating with the old Conservative Club in 1951. The Club, which was founded in 1894 and has, as its name implies, many sporting connections, has now moved to Brook Street, the leasehold of which it had bought from the old Guards Club in 1946 and which it had retained. The Brook Street premises were used as an American airmen's club until last December. Like many of the London clubs the Bath Club has felt the pinch of the present economic conditions and had found the St. James's Street building too large for its needs.



A VIEW OF THE LADIES' DINING-ROOM AT THE BATH CLUB; THE CLUB HAS RECENTLY MOVED TO NEW PREMISES FROM ST. JAMES'S STREET TO BROOK STREET.



THE MEMBERS' DINING-ROOM IN BROOK STREET: THE BATH CLUB, WHICH WAS FOUNDED IN 1894, HAS HAD TO SEEK SMALLER PREMISES.



THE SCENE AS THE BUTTERY IS PREPARED FOR A MEAL: THE CLUB HAS BEEN SUFFERING LIKE ALL LONDON CLUBS FROM ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.



## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 2. THE CHIMPS' RHAPSODY.



THE PARENTS AND THE NEW-BORN: A FAMILY STUDY.

Last December *Sheta*, a star performer in a Swedish travelling circus, gave birth to a charming baby son, later christened *T.V.* The first days of little *T.V.*'s existence were most precarious and his life hung by a thread. Fortunately *T.V.* recovered from a critical illness, and has now grown up into the

loving son, seen here in his mother's arms. Indeed, this is a most devoted family, and while mother rests her arm on her husband *Tarzan*'s shoulder, *T.V.* strokes his proud father's nose. Father himself seems to be taking a truly paternal interest.



THIS summer we have been forced, under a sun which has been almost African in its intensity, to pay considerable attention to African affairs. The Devlin Report on Nyasaland has caused the loudest political rumpus since Suez. In the middle of all this, I read a remarkably stimulating article in a national newspaper about the Nyasaland Congress leader, Dr. Hastings Banda. Dr. Banda, the writer pointed out, had not lived in Africa for forty years. He could not speak his followers' own language, and was completely out of touch with the reactions of the ordinary African to whom he spoke as though he were addressing a typical crowd of Londoners at Hyde Park Corner. Of course, this made for trouble. Moreover, I wondered to myself, if Dr. Banda cannot understand Africans, is it likely that politicians in Whitehall are going to do so—even if modern communications permit some of them to pay flying visits to trouble spots, in order to pick up material with which to bolster up their preconceptions? It was just about then that I read *BUSH AND BOMA*, by J. C. Cairns, a Canadian who served as a District Officer in Tanganyika. The book is written loosely in the form of a diary, and the author has allowed the characters and the events to speak for themselves, without much comment. (I was a trifle daunted by a "glossary of Swahili words and phrases" with which the text is prefaced, but found that my fears were practically groundless.) *Boma*, by the way (which I had always thought had meant a thorn fence), is the office from which the District Officer dispenses justice and advice, and where he receives such visitors as local headmen, witch-doctors who refuse to pay taxes, and prostitutes who have been robbed.

Two of Mr. Cairns' stories make the point which had been disturbing me:

During the war, Africans were told that the Germans were raping women of conquered countries. This, it was thought, would show the Africans how bad the Germans were.

The Africans, however, reacted differently.

"How powerful these Germans must be," they said. "They are like kings. They can rape whomsoever they choose! How lucky they are!"

After that the story was changed; the Africans were told it was the British who were raping the women.

The other story is about a well which was sunk in Kitaya, to save the women the long walk to the river for water. After the well had been finished for six weeks, no one was using it. "Nobody in the village," writes Mr. Cairns, "has had the initiative to tie a 30-ft. piece of rope (provided in every hut) to the handle of the bucket." (Africans from the Northern Territories working in the Ashanti Goldfields were given wheelbarrows to help them with their loads: they were found balancing the loaded wheelbarrows on their heads!)

The African does not enjoy being told to change his habits. A final quotation sums up the whole situation.

The ideas, customs, prejudices and beliefs of the people are anchored in the past. Not the past of nineteenth-century civilisation, but the ancient past of tribalism. You see all progress is slow and painful. You spend months persuading people to use the village well; you spend years, made up of endless *safaris* and meetings and councils, urging peasants to terrace their hills before the soil is washed away for ever. When progress comes too quickly you distrust it, for you feel it may be superficial. You know the clerk with the white shirt and the shiny bicycle has his daughters circumcised in the old tribal manner; you learn that the other clerk, who seems so modern, and who reads Shakespeare, is involved in witchcraft.

That is the Africa known to all those who have patiently worked there. And what, in the name of sanity, has it to do with "democratic self-government," "federation," or any other of the slogans about which white men argue in Blantyre, Salisbury and Whitehall? This book should be made compulsory reading for the Stonehouses of this world.

Mr. John Mander, in his *BERLIN: THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR*, has a theory about Berlin and its inhabitants which roughly approximates to the schizophrenic nature of the German people as a whole. His "eagle" is the haughty dominance of the Prussian tradition, the German Empire and the Nazis; his "bear," the somewhat shapeless and sentimental good nature, varied with occasional toughness, shown by the mass of the Berliners. He writes: "The Bear had muttered and growled and been uncomfortably conscious of the Eagle on his broad back. But no revolution had ever succeeded in Berlin; the Bear was altogether too good-natured, and genuine revolutions are the product of hatred and despair." But Mr. Mander thinks that the division of Berlin into zones has given the Bear his chance. The West Berliners, with Ernst Reuter at their head,

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

"consciously or unconsciously set about creating a myth: the myth of Berlin as the predestined outpost of Western Freedom and Civilisation." (I find all these capital initials very tiring, but that is how Mr. Mander writes, and I can't help it!) I am not at all sure. If this means that all the "eagle" qualities have gone East, and all the "bear" qualities West, then I think that Mr. Mander's zoology has gone badly wrong somewhere.

Enough of politics. I had hoped that *THE WANDERING SAINTS*, by Eleanor Duckett, would intrigue me, because it deals with early Christian

But I must pass on to some novels. Mr. Robert Kee's *BROADSTROP IN SEASON*—perhaps a deliberately equivocal title?—is, of course, satirical. A central European called Lubchik, with some undefined political purpose, suborns the bemused Broadstrop to introduce him to the people who "belong." In the end, Lubchik—preferring to call himself "Lubbock"—settles down to marriage with a *débutante*, but they are assassinated on their wedding day. The satire is delicate, because all the characters are a little (but only a little) larger and more absurd than life.

Mr. Aubrey Menen's *THE FIG TREE* is also satirical. A scientist who specialises in botany produces—what shall I call it? an elixir?—which accelerates the growth of figs, but also acts as an aphrodisiac. This he does in Italy, with the happy result that an under-secretary in the Italian Government, together with his uncle, who is a Cardinal, become involved in the resulting *pasticcio*. (Note my beautiful Italian! It is mine, not cribbed from Mr. Menen—who, incidentally, knows his Italy to the last syllable of recorded time!) All the same, I thought that the satire was an ounce heavier, and an ounce clumsier, than Mr. Kee's. Both books are a real delight.

Mr. James Kirkup's *SORROWS, PASSIONS, AND ALARMS* is an autobiography, not a novel, though it is presented in a fictional manner. All right if you are interested in a very ordinary little boy growing up in South Shields. It contains poetry, too—the French sonnet on page 161 is so good that I cannot believe that it was written by a boy of fifteen—but I am afraid that the book left me neither sorrowful, impassioned, nor alarmed.

As for *ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED*—a full account of the late Clarence Darrow's most famous feats of advocacy in American trials, edited by Arthur Weinberg—I fear that I yawned over these twice- and thrice-told tales. Sure enough, here bobbed up Leopold and Loeb, about whose disgusting antics I have now heard more than enough. But the book, is, of its kind, a good documentary.

There are many delightful points in *THE ANNUAL REGISTER OF WORLD EVENTS*, edited by Ivion Macadam, if you care to look for them. On Ghana, for instance, I found the following gem: "The task of disciplining the Opposition was to the taste of Mr. Krobo Edusei, Minister of the Interior until 17 November. . . ." And on the Soviet Union: "Although the Soviet Foreign Ministry displayed intense activity throughout the year, none of its diplomatic initiatives indicated any fundamental modification of policy towards the non-Communist world." This dry manner of recording makes the Annual Register delightful reading, as well as a first-class work of reference. (Could it be?—No, of course, it couldn't—that Sir Ivion has little sense of humour?)

I wish that I knew more about Chinese porcelain. It is not Mr. Soame Jenyns's fault that I do not, and I can only describe his *LATER CHINESE PORCELAIN* as exquisite. I suppose that it is the names and the marks that bemuse me—certainly not the pieces themselves, which Mr. Jenyns has so beautifully described and illustrated.

"Exquisite" will do, too, as an adjective for Georgina Masson's *ITALIAN VILLAS AND PALACES*, a book as noble as its subject. This must certainly be the best book of its kind ever published, and Miss Masson's notes are as cool, balanced, exciting and inspiring as her photographs.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

YOUNG Bobby Fischer, of Brooklyn, is rapidly confirming his promise and has become generally accepted as the strongest player of chess, at the age of sixteen, in the world's history.

A book has now appeared from a well-known New York publishing firm: "Bobby Fischer's Games of Chess," with his own notes on many of his games. He writes in a detached, unemotional way, without a trace of the conceit that marred Capablanca's autobiography.

Curiously, Bobby is not the youngest player ever to have a book devoted to his games. That distinction remains (unless somebody can push the record back further) with Spain's Arturito Pomar, whose "Mis Cincuenta Partidas . . ." came out when he was fourteen.

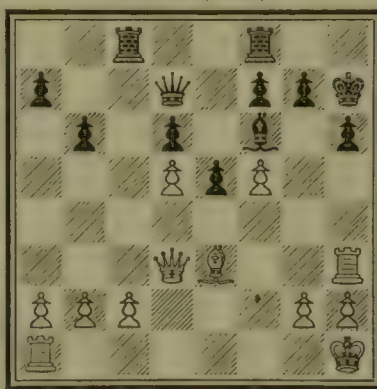
I wonder, would Pomar have developed as has Fischer, given comparable opportunities? The Spanish boy's skill flowered during the war when, though his country's neutrality facilitated reasonably good practice for him, international grand-master events had been virtually extinguished for a decade.

Round about his sixteenth birthday, Fischer has played in quick succession at Mar del Plata (Argentina), Santiago (Chile) and Zürich (Switzerland); each of the three tournaments was far stronger than any event Pomar could have entered until he was long past twenty.

On the whole, I have a feeling Fischer's genius for chess transcends any even potential rivalry.

One of his neatest, though perhaps not his deepest, combinations at Zürich:

KUPPER (Black)



FISCHER (White)

Fischer won by

1. B×RP P×B  
2. Q-K3 B-Kt2

Naturally not 2. . . B-Kt4 ??—simply 3. Q×B.

3. P-B6! R-KR1  
4. R-KB1

He is in no hurry. 4. P×B? K×P would leave Black with a playable game.

4. . . . Q-Kt4  
5. Q-KB3 R-B5  
6. Q-B5ch Resigns

missionaries, many of them Irish, who spread their faith across Europe during the Dark, or semi-Dark, Ages. Indeed, I think that Miss Duckett's book, which cleverly contrives to mingle the factual with the legendary, gives an interesting picture of these intrepid men. But is there not something missing? Perhaps I am merely mortified by the discovery that St. Patrick detested Ireland so cordially, when he was first transported there as a slave, that he went to secular, rather than saintly, lengths to leave it! (The sequel is better known.)

"Enchanting" is the word used of Peter Bull's *I KNOW THE FACE, BUT . . .*, by the blurb-writer, and I entirely agree with it. Here is an excellent actor who writes about his own profession with enthusiasm, humour and restraint. For one who has been greeted by strangers in public with such various exclamations as "Hullo, stranger," and "Excuse me. Are you a freak (*Afrique*)," it seems to me that his view of the British public's intelligence is generously forgiving!

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

*BUSH AND BOMA*, by J. C. Cairns. (Murray; 18s.)

*BERLIN: THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR*, by John Mander. (Barrie and Rockliff; 21s.)

*THE WANDERING SAINTS*, by Eleanor Duckett. (Collins; 18s.)

*I KNOW THE FACE, BUT . . .*, by Peter Bull. (Peter Davies; 16s.)

*BROADSTROP IN SEASON*, by Robert Kee. (Secker and Warburg; 18s.)

*THE FIG TREE*, by Aubrey Menen. (Chatto and Windus; 15s.)

*SORROWS, PASSIONS, AND ALARMS*, by James Kirkup. (Collins; 15s.)

*ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED*. Edited by Arthur Weinberg. (Macdonald; 30s.)

*THE ANNUAL REGISTER OF WORLD EVENTS*. Edited by Ivion Macadam. (Longmans; 6gns.)

*LATER CHINESE PORCELAIN*, by Soame Jenyns. (Faber; 50s.)

*ITALIAN VILLAS AND PALACES*, by Georgina Masson. (Thames and Hudson; 4 gns.)





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On the conclusion of the Royal visit to the land of the Beaver and the Eagle, the Salmon and the Bear, the British Motor Corporation adds its loyal congratulations to those expressed on other pages of this souvenir number. Throughout Canada B.M.C. cars are in ever-increasing demand for their reliability and roadability, for their engineering and styling. As motoring value the B.M.C. range of fine cars is unsurpassed.



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BIRMINGHAM & OXFORD, ENGLAND



## Green into Gold

As long as springtime melts the snows of the Rocky Mountains, the desert will grow green a thousand miles away. From the Colorado River, through the All-American Canal, sweet, silt-free waters now flow abundantly to what was once a heat-crazed, hostile wilderness where only cactus and sagebrush grew and gold-hungry men died for the want of a drink. Today, that same Californian desert gives richly. And the colour of its 20th century gold is the green of a lettuce leaf.

In the Imperial and Salinas Valleys of California and the Salt River Valley of neighbouring Arizona

are grown both the best lettuce in the country and the biggest commercial volume. Farming is on a very large scale, over some 180,000 acres, and nothing is left to chance. Unfortunately the constant heat, together with ample moisture from irrigation, provides ideal conditions for insect pests—particularly aphids and the cabbage looper, *Trichoplusia ni* (Hbn.).

Infestation builds up throughout the season, sometimes increasing heavily just before harvest, and when this happens, the marketability of the crop is greatly reduced. Until recently, because of undesirable residues left on the leaves, there was no effective

insecticide which could be used at this critical time.

With Phosdrin, Shell's new systemic insecticide, however, the problem is being solved and lettuce-growers are enthusiastic about the results already obtained. Phosdrin is both fast-acting and fast-disappearing and can safely be used within only a few days of harvest. Its killing power is dramatically swift, and with this important new insecticide, Shell offers to growers of many crops a greater hope of unspoiled harvests. Phosdrin, in a modern alchemy, can turn green into gold.

## Phosdrin Trade Mark new systemic insecticide

Phosdrin is the sixth in the series of Shell insecticides for world-wide use. A systemic organo-phosphorus insecticide of exceptional power, it has the outstanding advantage that its residues are rapidly dissipated. It is thus the ideal insecticide for close-to-harvest use. If you have a pest problem in your area, consult your Shell Company. Between them, aldrin, endrin, dieldrin, Phosdrin, D-D and Nemagon offer control of virtually every significant pest.



*Trichoplusia ni* (Hbn.) Cabbage looper



you can be



## One man's fun...

When today's greenness lies deep hidden in snow and the tap's drip is a brittle ice-finger, some eyes will sparkle: to skiers and skaters and small boys with toboggans, winter is a wonderland. But to motorist or truck driver, peering into the blinding confetti of a blizzard or skidding suddenly on unseen ice, the short days of the year can bring both trial and tribulation. At the very least, the penalty of forgetfulness or neglect of winter safeguards can be a fat repair bill.


Special-tread tyres and de-icing fluids; antifreeze; greases and Multigrads oils, hydraulic brake fluids for cold weather duty: all these help to ease the driver's load, to protect his vehicle and make his journeying safer. And in all of them the work of Shell chemists plays an essential part, both in development and in production. Shell chemicals serve transport in many ways.

Shell is one of the leading world-producers of the high quality glycols used in antifreeze and hydraulic brake fluids. Cariflex Shell-made rubber provides tyres, pedals and radiator hose. Carina P.V.C. is used in cable coverings and in the

manufacture of leathercloth. Shell hydrocarbon solvents and detergents are base materials for car polishes and cleaners; Shell acetone is used in the manufacture of safety glass, Shell methyl ethyl ketone in the dewaxing of lubricating oils. If your road leads towards a process employing industrial chemicals, call on Shell.

## Shell Glycols

Glycols have important uses in many industries, ranging from the manufacture of pharmaceuticals and explosives to transparent paper and synthetic fibres. They are used as plasticizers in many processes. Glycols, detergents, resins, plastics. Base chemicals and additives. Solvents, synthetic glycerine, synthetic rubber... Shell chemical production serves every industry. Ask your Shell Company how Shell facilities, experience and world-wide service can serve you.

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## Where Roman soldiers marched—



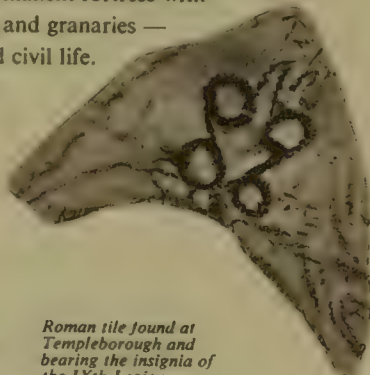
About AD 50, the present site of the Templeborough plant of Steel, Peech & Tozer was a Roman camp at the ford where Riknild Street crossed the River Don. Following the slaughter of the IXth Roman Legion by Boadicea, remnants were moved north, the

camp strengthened and enlarged and then became a great permanent fortress with

temple, baths, hospitals, villas, storehouses and granaries — a complete centre of Roman military and civil life.

The Temple endured for three centuries, and in the local museum lie portions of columns, altars and sepulchral monuments which were unearthed in the vicinity of Templeborough.

The tile bearing the emblem of the IXth Legion was found during the excavations in 1919 for the first portion of Templeborough Works, when a foundry was also uncovered, evidence of early iron-working on this site.



Roman tile found at Templeborough and bearing the insignia of the IXth Legion.

## — a new continuous strip mill



The Steel, Peech & Tozer steelworks now stretch for nearly two miles along the River Don, and the latest addition, the new Brinsworth Continuous Strip Mill is the most modern of its kind in the world. Here are rolled thousands of tons each week of steel strip, which finds its way into every part of our daily lives. Steel strip is the basis of many kinds of tube; it is

found in bicycle frames and and perambulators, motor car wheels and vacuum cleaners. But then, strip figures in one form or another in almost everything. In the home, the office and the fields, by road, sea, rail or air you constantly encounter useful applications of the most versatile material — steel strip from Templeborough.



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The interior and exterior of the new Brinsworth wide-strip mill at Templeborough.

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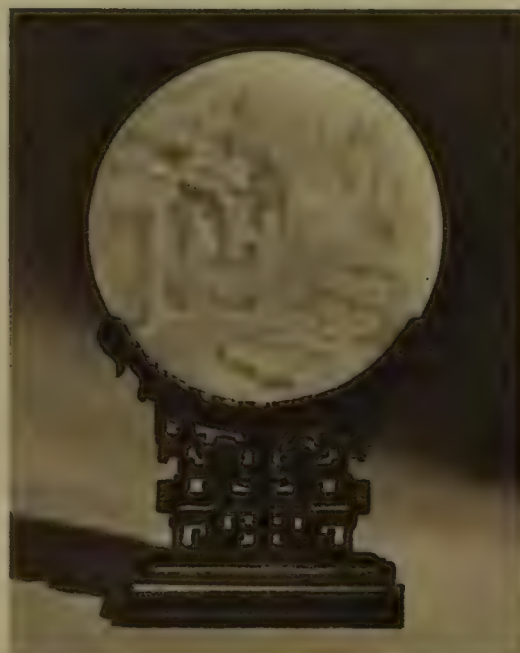


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
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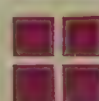


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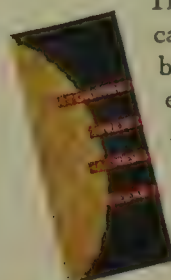


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# to *Schweppshire Guide* public speaking

## NO. 5 HOW TO DO THE WHOLE THING NATURALLY

"From the earliest times, the juvenile delinquent—" Yes, yes, that's fine. Now all you have to do is to be absolutely natural. Yes we like your script *On Making Art Interesting For Juvenile Delinquents*, but you must remember it is terribly important not to make it booky-booky, talky-talky, or writey-writey. In other words don't say "juvenile delinquent"—rather a pamphlet word—and don't say "teen-agers" either if you can help it, that sounds a bit like a horrid little Talk. "The Arts" is rather formal, too. Couldn't you be a bit more direct and talk about those funny black figures drawn by T. S. Lowry running about against a background of snow and council houses?

"From the earliest times—" That's right. Make it vivid for them. The great thing is not to worry. Simply remember that if you want to say something important, look directly at the viewer. No of course that means look directly at the camera. Not at that bit of the camera but at that little nozzle a little bit below to the left. Do you always wear those spectacles? They rather take the expression out of the face. We may shoot you a few questions and we like to make them frank: but we won't tell you what they are beforehand because otherwise you wouldn't be spontaneous and you must be spontaneous, as long as you remember not to turn away from the camera. All you've got to remember is not to look shifty but to be absolutely yourself. Because that is the marvellous thing about the T.V. camera. It instantly reveals the fact that somebody is not being themselves. The slightest falsity, and it shows you up. Yes it's quite all right, that is you, on the monitor, as we see you now. No, of course you don't really look like that. Don't keep staring at it. Now start again.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him





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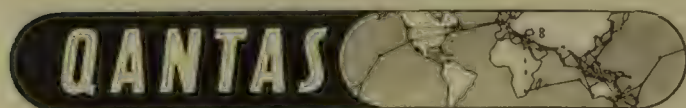
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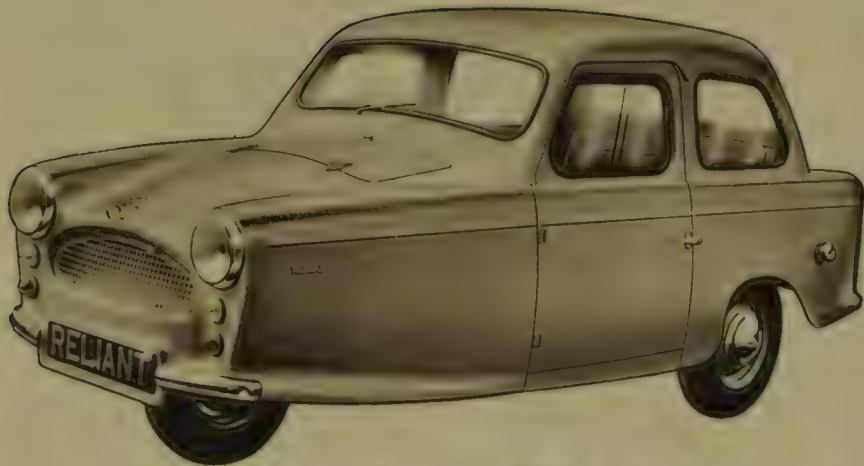


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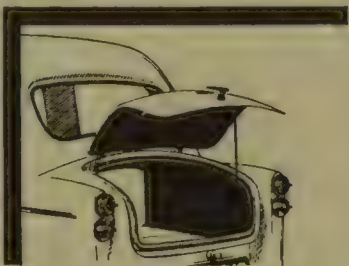
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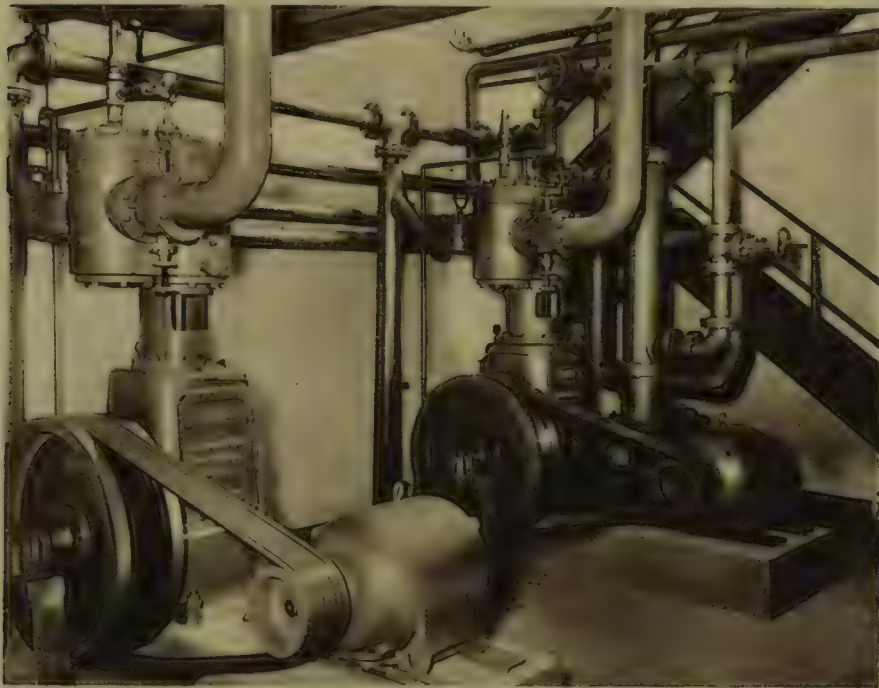
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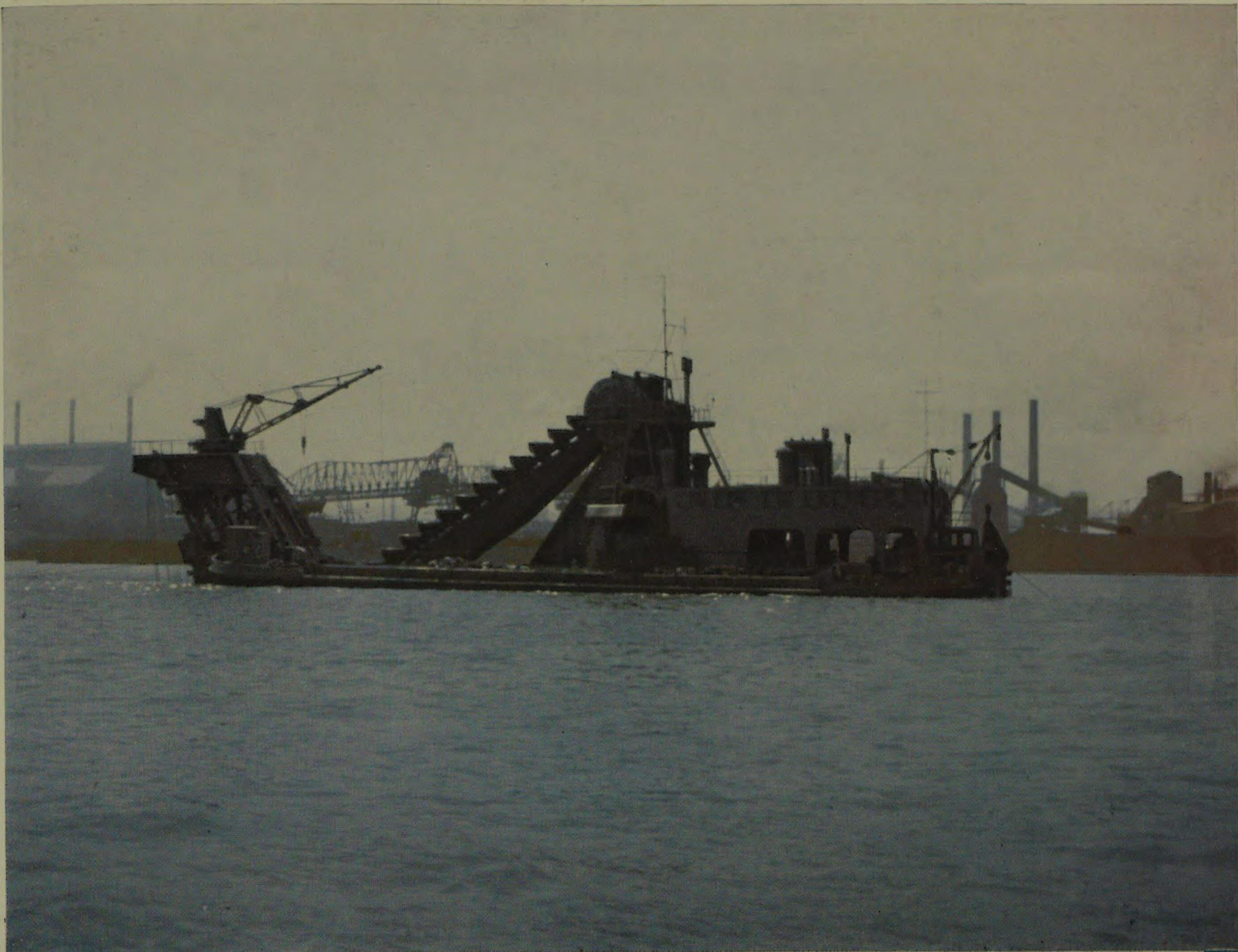
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